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The Outlook

A Family Paper

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The Association has pared down its work until no more can be done but to close churches and schools, which would be disastrous to a work as distinctively the trust of the churches as any of their enterprises.

The undersigned were appointed a committee at the Annual Meeting, held at Elgin, Ill., to consider the exigency of the Association. We accordingly call upon the churches to take the missions of the Association anew to their hearts, and we recommend Sunday, February 11, 1894, the Sunday before the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, to be set apart as a day in all our churches for special presentations to the public of the needs of the Association, and for special and additional collections to cancel the debt, and to carry on the current work of the year. This is an unusual year with our churches and all our benevolent societies. It is our privilege to make sacrifices this year. It is one of the splendid features of Christianity, and of our Congregational Christianity, that it, again and again, has proved equal to emergencies. In years like this, God comes to us anew with his work, and says, "Prove me, now." And what blessings Christians and churches have had when in their poverty they have proved God! Let us join hands in making Sunday, February 11, 1894, a new day in the work of emancipation; the day of a new response all along the line.

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The Outlook

A Family Paper

NEW SERIES OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION

Volume 48

For Week ending 30 December, 1893

Number 27



The Week



THE majority and minority reports of the Ways and Means Committee on the Wilson Tariff Bill were both made public last week. The majority report is, in the main, a scholarly review of the tariff history of the country. The extent to which New England manufacturers opposed the establishment of the high protective tariff in 1816, and the extent to which they became reconciled to the low revenue tariff introduced in 1846, are clearly and strongly set forth. The latter point is the more important, and is the less exaggerated by the Committee. The revenue tariff of 1846, from which disasters were predicted, was followed by a period of unprecedented prosperity, in which the manufacturers shared, and most of the representatives of New England voted for the further reduction of the tariff which took place in 1857. This statement of facts cannot be disputed, though the remarkable prosperity of the country, especially the remarkable increase in the money value of its property, was probably due in a larger degree to the increase of its currency through the gold discoveries than to the changes in the tariff. The majority of the Ways and Means Committee, of course, quotes Senator Sherman's statement that in 1861, when the Republicans revised the tariff, the manufacturers did not ask for the changes made, but "asked over and over again to be let alone." The present bill is urged as a return to normal conditions. Free raw materials are declared to be essential to manufacturing supremacy, while the ability of our farmers and miners to supply raw materials more cheaply than they can be supplied in Europe is declared to be abundantly proven by our exportation of farm products, and by the labor-saving methods of production employed in our mines.

The minority report is a somewhat detailed criticism of the changes proposed by the Wilson Bill. It begins, however, by a criticism of the measure for not carrying into effect the pledge made in the Chicago platform of a tariff for revenue only. "If there is to be no change of principle," it asks, "why disturb existing business relations?" "If we are still to have protection, why take this time to cause a readjustment?" When, however, the minority report turns to discuss the proposal of free raw materials, it deals with it as if it were an important change of principle. To make raw materials free, while giving protection to manufactured articles, it urges, is class legislation. This is the strongest point made in this report, for, however clear it may be that free trade in raw materials is essential if our manufacturers are to compete with foreigners in neutral markets, it is none the less clear that as much labor enters into the production of raw materials as into the manufacture of them, and that it is illogical to declare that the one class of labor should be protected by a tariff, while the other should not be. The minority report, how-

ever, does not consistently follow up this charge of class legislation against the Wilson Bill, but proceeds to urge that the reductions upon woolen goods, despite the granting of free wool, will imperil "\$300,000,000 of invested capital." Of course the change from specific to *ad valorem* duties is condemned, as is also the abandonment of the reciprocity or retaliation features of the McKinley Bill. The former of these changes, it is said, will lead to fraud, in a vain attempt to secure justice, while the latter will lead to our giving other countries advantages in our markets without our getting anything in return. The fact that other countries always have bought of us in proportion as we have bought of them evidently made little impression upon the minority of the Committee.

Secretary Carlisle's report follows in all respects the lines laid down by the President. The Secretary, like the President, urges the postponement of any further currency legislation until the effect of the unconditional stoppage of the silver issues is more fully developed. Like the President, he urges that the Secretary be empowered to issue at his discretion bonds, not to exceed \$200,000,000 in amount, to meet any deficiency in the revenue that may occur. The Secretary estimates the deficiency during the current year at \$28,000,000 upon the basis of present taxation. He expresses the belief that the worst effects of the "recent" financial disturbances have been realized—a position inevitable when once he had accepted the Administration theory that the fear of a depreciated silver currency was the cause of the appreciation of all currency. He even goes beyond any declaration of President Cleveland when he speaks of the Government's "unwise" policy of "keeping its own notes outstanding to circulate as currency." This may mean that the Secretary favors the retirement of Treasury notes and the issue of bank notes in their stead, giving to the banks the regulation of the volume and value of money, which the Constitution gave to Congress. As to tariff changes, the Secretary approves the changes proposed by the Wilson Bill, favors an increase of ten cents a gallon in the tax on distilled liquor, and favors a tax on the incomes of corporations. This last tax he advocates upon the ground of the increased revenues received by corporations because of the public charters they enjoy. A one per cent. tax, he urges, cannot be considered too heavy a return for the public to ask for these privileges.

Serious attempts are at last being made to get at the number of the unemployed, though with results far from satisfactory. In this city the Board of Health has conducted a house-to-house investigation covering over one thousand tenements, and on the basis of the returns made its President estimates the number of the unemployed as less than eighty thousand. This would mean that only ten per cent. of the wage-earners are now out of work. The University Settlement Society has conducted a similar investigation as re-

gards two streets in the Jewish quarters, and its head worker reports that forty per cent. of the wage-earners claim to be out of work. These two returns indicate the extreme views of the situation. The University Settlement Society reports the statements of a low grade of immigrants, who possibly hoped for aid, and certainly were inclined to overstate their distress. The estimate of the Board of Health is based upon the statements of its own police. What their methods were we do not know, but the results reached must be discredited unless we discredit the authoritative investigation made in Massachusetts in 1885. This investigation covered the entire State, and showed that thirty per cent. of those having employment were out of work at some period during the year, and that this period of non-employment averaged about four months. In other words, ten per cent. of the working force is out of employment in normal times. Inasmuch as these times are abnormal, the Board of Health estimate must be taken as that of a body which is inclined to understate the seriousness of the situation, and the consequent call for public action. In St. Louis an investigation has been made upon the plan of going to the employers for the returns. Two hundred and fifty firms, ordinarily employing forty-seven thousand persons, report that now they have but forty thousand at work. This would mean an addition of fifteen per cent. to those ordinarily out of employment, or a total of twenty-five per cent. out of work, if the Massachusetts returns indicate the general state of the labor market. A police census taken in Pittsburgh has revealed similar conditions there, twenty thousand working people out of perhaps seventy thousand being reported out of employment. The extreme distress found in the Jewish quarter in this city by the University Settlement workers, together with the common observation of those working among the poor, would indicate that this estimate does not seriously exaggerate the number of those out of work in all manufacturing centers.

The work of furnishing relief is being undertaken in a systematic way at more and more points. In Boston a public meeting, presided over by the Mayor, has been held, and a committee of fifteen appointed to collect subscriptions. In Pittsburgh large private subscriptions have already been made, and eight hundred additional men engaged by the city to work upon the parks and upon the highways. The wages offered were one dollar a day, yet the office of the Superintendent of Public Highways was besieged by more applicants than could be given work. "Men accustomed to earning from \$3 to \$5," says the dispatch, "scrambled for the \$1 chance." In some of the smaller cities, where large factories have closed, the idea of finding work for the families known to be in need has been impracticable. In Yonkers, N. Y., where the closing of a few factories has thrown over two thousand employees out of work, a relief committee is distributing food, allowing but \$3 a month where the family is small. In this city the work of the East Side Relief Committee in employing an extra force upon the streets in the poorer quarters has been brought prominently before the public at a meeting held at the United Charities Building; a committee was appointed to carry forward the work of raising subscriptions. At this meeting Professor Adler offered a motion that the city government be urged to employ at this time additional men in all departments where the appropriations made it possible. At a meeting held at the University Settlement house, to which the various trades-unions sent delegates, public action was unanimously regarded as the only possible source of adequate relief.

It was resolved to prepare a workingmen's petition to the Legislature for the authorization of relief works. At a great many points private charity of a somewhat indiscriminate sort is being distributed, while at others food and clothing are being sold at less than cost.

The Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Chicago during the last fortnight, passed important resolutions upon several public questions. The subject of the unemployed, of course, came first, and was dealt with in a feverish way. The President of the Federation thought it no exaggeration to say that more than three million workingmen are now out of work. The Convention adopted a resolution declaring that "the right to work is the right to live," and that "when the private employers cannot or will not give work, the municipality, State, or Nation must." The proposition that the National Government should issue \$500,000,000 of paper money, to be expended upon various public works, received favorable consideration. Other resolutions adopted favored compulsory education, the legal eight-hour day, the submission of important questions to a direct vote of the people, the abolition of contract labor on all public work, the municipal ownership of street-cars, electric light and gas plants, and the nationalization of telegraphs, telephones, and mines. The Convention rejected the report of one of its committees in favor of compulsory arbitration in labor disputes. The reasons assigned for this rejection were distrust of arbitration boards, and a belief that compulsory arbitration would lessen the power of the trades-unions. There is no doubt that this second reason is perfectly valid. If the delegates to the Convention were looking after the aggrandizement of their organization, rather than the interests of its members, they certainly acted wisely in condemning a reform which would lead workingmen to look to the law instead of to the trades-unions for the preservation of their rights.

The "Political Science Quarterly" for December contains a remarkably well-considered article by George K. Holmes upon the "Concentration of Wealth." Mr. Holmes is at the head of that department of the National Census Bureau which has investigated so satisfactorily the question of mortgages. This investigation afforded a rare opportunity for authoritative estimates as to the distribution of wealth among our citizens, and Mr. Holmes has shown exceptional judgment in the way in which he has used his materials. There is only room here to state, in a condensed form, his conclusions as to the manner in which our sixty billions of National wealth is divided among our twelve and a half million families:

1½ million farm-hiring families (average wealth \$150)	
own	\$200,000,000
5 million home-hiring families (average wealth \$500)	
own	2,500,000,000
2½ million families owning farms worth less than \$5,000 own	6,500,000,000
2½ million families owning homes worth less than \$5,000 own	8,000,000,000
1 1-10 million families own about	43,000,000,000

As collateral evidence that this table does not exaggerate the comparative wealth of the well-to-do class in our society, Mr. Holmes cites the "Tribune" list of four thousand millionaires, possessing in the aggregate not less than twelve billion dollars. These four thousand families probably possess more wealth than the first nine million families mentioned above. Mr. Holmes concludes his article with the suggestion that, if this concentration of wealth is

to be checked, "the most effective and practicable remedies are progressive taxes on incomes, gifts, and inheritances."

⊗

Dr. Parkhurst's campaign in this city is not against dissolute women and disorderly houses; it is against the police. And it is not against the police for mere failure to enforce the law against dissolute women and disorderly houses, but for levying blackmail and abstaining from enforcing the law when they are paid so to abstain. All good citizens ought therefore to unite in wishing Dr. Parkhurst success in his heroic endeavor to bring the police authorities to an accounting in this matter. His enforcement of the law in special districts has proved the falseness of police reports that the law was not violated. Judicial proof that violation of the law is winked at because the violators pay the police has not yet been furnished, unless within the walls of the Grand Jury room. But, whether the police are innocent or guilty, the community ought to demand—and, if they are innocent, the police ought to demand—a speedy presentation of the evidence and a speedy trial of the issue. So far, the public appearance is of a vigorous endeavor to prevent the presentation of the evidence and a trial of the issue. Every man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty. Individuals under accusation are entitled to the benefit of this presumption. But the evidence already afforded of corrupt connivance with vice by those whose business it is to suppress vice is sufficient to justify a public belief that such connivance exists, and to justify a public demand for a vigorous prosecution of the question, Who are the guilty abettors of the corruption? Meanwhile, one political remedy appears to us clear. The Legislature of the State of New York should abolish the Board of Police Commissioners. There should be one Superintendent of Police, who should hold his office during good behavior, being removable only on charges preferred and proved of incompetence or corruption. He would then be independent of the politicians. He would have no interest in permitting bribe-takers on the force, and his public reputation would depend upon discovering and removing them. A bad superintendent might give us a bad police force, but we should know whom to hold responsible. He would be held responsible, and the evil would carry with it before long its own remedy. If Dr. Parkhurst's vigorous campaign against corruption in the police force brings about such a reform as this, the whole city will owe him an inestimable debt of gratitude.

⊗

The decision of President Slocum, of Colorado College, to remain in his position and bear the brunt of hard times and financial perplexities, in the face of flattering offers to go elsewhere with a large salary and permanent relief from all financial problems, ought to be recognized in substantial ways by the friends of higher education. The maintenance of an institution like Colorado College, with its high standards of scholarship and its strong moral and religious tone, is of the greatest importance; and the decision of President Slocum carries with it the gift of a life to a work—a decision the significance of which all Christian people should clearly comprehend. A work such as this is not the exclusive interest of any one. Those who believe in the important part that higher education is playing in the new sections of the country ought not to forget Colorado College. After a careful personal examination of the College and the whole situation, Dr. Pearsons pledged himself to give \$50,000 on condition that \$150,000 more should be secured within two years. Of this sum \$50,000 was promised before the panic came to the State, but the difficulty of securing

the balance has now been increased many fold. Rarely is there a greater opportunity for lasting good than that of placing this sum of \$100,000, at this time, in the treasury of the College. Such an effort by the friends of Christian education would be a fitting recognition of President Slocum's decision to remain at his post in Colorado.

⊗

The two Radical measures which are now half-way through the British Parliament are the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill. The last-named measure has been carried through the House of Commons and to the Lords, and, as a result of the action of the Lords, a conflict is pending between the two chambers. It arises over the clause prohibiting employers from making contracts with their employees by which the latter shall not claim the privileges accorded by the Act. There was much controversy over this clause in the House of Commons. A number of the supporters of the Government opposed its introduction, and sought to have it rejected. But the Labor members were united and strenuous in their demand that the clause should be retained; the Government sided with them, and carried the clause by a majority of about twenty. The opposition to it arose mainly with the railway interest in the House of Commons, as the operation of the clause will break up a number of prosperous and well-established railway workingmen's mutual insurance societies. These societies came into existence immediately after the first Employers' Liability Act was passed, in 1880. All of them are heavily subsidized by the railway companies. In return for these annual subsidies, the men agree not to take advantage of the Act, and in case of accident to accept liberal relief payments from the societies, rather than go into the law courts to seek compensation from their employers. The members of these societies, who number at least 150,000 men, are satisfied with them, and are content to remain as they are under their protection. They asked the House of Commons to take the same view of their position, and so to modify the bill as not to endanger the societies. But the Government refused, and pushed the bill through the Commons with the provision in it preventing employers from contracting themselves outside the Act, no matter what equivalent was given the men in its stead. The railway men then went to Lord Salisbury and to the Duke of Devonshire with the plea that their societies should not be interfered with. Their cause was taken up by the two Unionist leaders, and when the bill came before the House of Lords, a clause protecting the existing insurance societies was introduced. The bill has gone back to the Commons with this change, and a crisis is impending. It is difficult to say what will be the outcome of the conflict. The Government majority when the clause was carried in the Commons was but small, and outside Parliament there is strong feeling against any rash interference with arrangements between employers and employed which have admittedly worked well during the last thirteen or fourteen years. As regards the Parish Councils Bill, that is still in committee in the House of Commons. It is a measure of some seventy clauses, and the difficulties of getting it through committee have increased in consequence of the repeated declarations of the Government that they will not delete the clauses which affect the administration of the Poor Law. The Opposition object to any interference with the Poor Law in a measure primarily for municipal purposes, and insist that if there must be amendments to the Act of 1835, which established the present system, the amendments ought to be made in a separate bill, and after the Royal Commission

now inquiring into the working of the Poor Law has presented its report.

The dynamite outrage in the French Chamber of Deputies has almost overshadowed the programme of the new Ministry and its earlier actions. The Ministry is, however, settling down to its work, with an apparently definite policy, and with the determination to enforce its policy. The new Premier, M. Casimir-Périer, is a man of unquestioned honor, patriotism, political ability, and personal vigor. He is, indeed, as *The Outlook* has already reported, one of the three popular candidates for the Presidency of the Republic, and it is not improbable that the subordination of his immediate political opportunities to what seemed to be a public duty, in accepting the responsibility of government at this critical time, will inure to his benefit in the long run. If he shall be able to hold his Ministry together and to impose a strong policy upon it, the Premier's chances for the Presidency will be in no wise lessened. The only weak member of the new Ministry appears to be M. Bordeaux, the Minister of Finance, whose record is not free from tarnish in connection with the Panama scandal. The Premier himself is a pronounced Republican, and progressive without being radical. He defines his position as "between the adversaries of the Republic, on the one hand, and those bent on the social work of destroying the French Revolution." His attitude toward the Socialists is constructive rather than destructive, for he proposes to meet them, "not with disdain, but with the generous and fruitful action at the disposal of the State." With this end in view, he proposes such a revision of taxation as will secure a more equitable distribution of its burden. On the question of Church and State, which the Radicals are agitating with a good deal of vigor, he takes an opportunist position, declaring that the matter will be left where it is "until the opinion of the country on the subject has been obtained." The support of the new Ministry comes naturally from the Center, but it also has evidently the promise of the support of a good many Radicals.

Austria, which used to be the headquarters of the most extreme type of conservatism, promises to become one of the most radical countries in Europe, so far as legislation is concerned. The Reichsrath is deliberating the question of the extension of suffrage raised by Count Taaffe, and pressed by his successor, Prince Windischgrätz, with, it is believed, the Emperor himself as the chief mover in the reform. On the heels of this radical measure, a Civil Marriage Bill has been introduced in Hungary with the consent of the King, who has heretofore been an uncompromising Catholic on all such questions. This bill contains 167 clauses, dealing with the marriage question from all sides, and is to be obligatory upon all classes, without regard to religious lines. It not only legalizes civil marriage, but makes it mandatory, and imposes a fine of \$250 upon any priest of any Church who solemnizes a marriage before the civil contract has been made. Under this system the civil ceremony is obligatory, and the religious ceremony optional. The bill provides for the claiming of damages for breach of promise, permits marriage with the sister of a deceased wife, commits the whole subject of divorce exclusively to the civil courts, and names quite a long list of causes for which divorce can be granted. Such a bill in a Roman Catholic country is radical to the last degree, and the conversion of the Emperor to the measure is one of the most significant signs of the times. The bill is strongly opposed both by the Greek and the Roman

Churches on various grounds, chief among them being that it makes marriage a civil contract, that it establishes recognition and so encourages the practice of divorce, and that it nullifies the functions of the Church by making a marriage by a priest invalid unless accompanied by a civil marriage. The latter provision marks the extreme limit of the reaction against clericism, going as it does very much further than the laws of this country go in the direction of secularization.

The reports from Brazil, current at the end of last week, that Admiral Mello had completely defeated the Government and that President Peixoto had resigned or was a prisoner have not been confirmed, and have very little semblance of truth. Admiral da Gama (who is now in command of the insurgent fleet at Rio Janeiro, while Admiral Mello commands the insurgent fleet which is coasting about and probably waiting for the appearance of the vessels purchased in the United States and elsewhere by President Peixoto) has announced himself formally as in favor of a monarchy. It is probable that there is an extended division of opinion among the insurgents on this point; certainly the announcement some weeks ago that Admiral Mello had proclaimed the Empire were absolutely without foundation. The supporters of the Peixoto Government declare that Admiral da Gama's declaration has done serious injury to the insurgent cause. Our own fleet at Rio Janeiro has been strengthened, and it is known that the New York will also be sent there; we have now six war-vessels off the coast of Brazil. It is not at all likely that our Government would permit anything like armed interference by foreign nations to establish an empire in Brazil; on the other hand, it seems altogether improbable that foreign nations have in mind anything of the kind. The presence of our fleet means nothing more than that this Nation considers that it has a right to watch the progress of events in Brazil, with a view to enforcing, if necessary, the principles involved in the so-called Monroe Doctrine. So far, the foreign powers have used their influence freely to prevent serious interference with commerce. In common with the United States, the other foreign countries have refused to acknowledge the insurgents as belligerents, and, as a necessary consequence, have refused to regard the harbor of Rio Janeiro as being under an effective blockade. The fighting is confined mainly to the force in the harbor and near the city, and the insurgents' war-vessels. There are rumors, however, of engagements between insurgent forces and Government troops in the southern part of the country. It continues to be true that almost every piece of news that reaches this country from Brazil is contradicted within a day or two.

A dispatch from London last week stated that a party of twenty persons, of different nationalities, would sail for East Africa in January, to start a colony upon the plan outlined by the Austrian economist Hertzka in his economic romance "Freeland." Each emigrant, says the dispatch, has subscribed \$250, and the general public has subscribed a considerable sum in addition, to set the colony in working order. The assurance that Hertzka's "social anticipation" is to be put to trial in this way will, no doubt, renew public interest in the volume in which, four years ago, he set forth his ideals. The fundamental idea of his co-operative commonwealth is expressed in the name of his book, "Freeland." The land is to be free. The public is to own it and receive in rental from the various cultivators and occupiers whatever its value may be. The creed of "Progress and Poverty" is, there-

fore, the basis of the new commonwealth. But Hertzka goes further than Henry George in the extent to which he would carry collective ownership. He would have the public furnish the capital for enterprises of every sort. He stops short of being a Socialist in that he would have each industry self-controlling. He would not have wages equalized except as universal education tended to equalize them; he would have each group of producers arrange the salaries and wages of their own managers and workmen. All payments would be made in labor-checks, which would be the only money used in the commonwealth. Provision for the future and for foreign commerce would be made by the accumulation of the commodities to be used or exchanged. Such are the main outlines of Hertzka's ideal, which these colonists promise to attempt to make real. His volume (published by D. Appleton & Co., of this city) elaborates this general scheme with a wealth of minor suggestion which adds greatly to the attractiveness of the book, but also adds to the difficulty of carrying into execution the plan set forth. The chief weakness of the plan, however, is not its complexity, but the fact that Professor Hertzka has failed to furnish an ideal so inspiring as to lead colonists to make the sacrifices necessary for its realization. We expect from the new colony the same record of mishap and failure as has attended all other socialistic colonies not held together by a sense of brotherhood based upon a religious creed dominating the entire lives of their adherents. Nevertheless, the fact that even a small colony is being drawn from Europe to Africa to attempt to realize Hertzka's ideal is significant of the direction which the aspirations of men are now taking.

The most influential philosophic teacher in Great Britain, Edward Caird, has lately been made Master of Balliol College, Oxford. He first came up to Balliol as one of the Snell Exhibitioners from Glasgow about the year 1859, taking his degree in the First Class in *Litteræ Humaniores* in 1863. Just before he came there, Thomas Hill Green, by whom he has undoubtedly been more influenced than by any other teacher, was graduated, and had been elected Fellow of Balliol. This suggests what, no doubt, is the most significant feature in this new appointment: that, while Professor Caird was a pupil of Professor Jowett, and no doubt was greatly influenced by him, he was also a pupil of Professor T. H. Green, who is commonly held to have been the most influential and formative teacher in philosophy that Oxford has seen within recent generations. Immediately after taking his degree Mr. Caird was elected to an open Fellowship at Merton College, where he became in due course a lecturer and tutor. After a few years at this work he was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, which had formerly been occupied by men like Hutcheson, Adam Smith, and Reid. There for nearly thirty years he has wielded remarkable influence in the world of thought and letters. In an appreciative review of his latest great work, "The Evolution of Religion," in the "Speaker" for September, the writer—who without doubt was Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College—says of him: "He has possessed the secret, invaluable in a professor of philosophy, of teaching men to think. His formulæ have, at times, been too masterful, and intellects that were never designed for speculation have played with counters whose value they did not know; but it was better that they should try to think than live in the conceit that the note of culture was never to think at all, or to regard the world as too foolish a puzzle to be worth understanding." Professor Caird has written several large volumes on Kant, a small monograph on Hegel, two volumes of essays, and "The

Evolution of Religion." He is the younger brother of Principal Caird, of Glasgow, who is regarded as one of the greatest living preachers, and whose work on the Philosophy of Religion is so widely known. Professor Caird is a Presbyterian of the most liberal type, and in religion seems to occupy a very similar position to that of the late Master.

It has often been said that the colonies in their political evolution predict the political development of the mother country. For this reason the recent elections in New Zealand are not without interest, on account of the participation of women. It has been supposed by many that women would be Conservatives if allowed freedom of political action, but in New Zealand they appear to have voted with the Radicals. The most obvious influence of the woman vote in the elections, however, was the increase in the strength of the temperance party, a good many of the new representatives being pledged to the local option principle, which would give to a bare majority in any locality the power to prohibit saloons. The London "Spectator," commenting upon the result, declares that "the women do not, apparently, think of general politics, but only of the particular change in which they are most deeply interested." The "Spectator" is an eminently readable, dignified, and sometimes a very wise journal, but even its authority cannot give any great weight to predictions as to the manner in which women would cast their ballots in any particular country on any particular question.

GENERAL NEWS.—Reports from Cairo state that a battle of considerable importance took place on December 2 between the Italian forces and those commanded by the dervishes, the latter numbering in all about 10,000 men; the dervishes were routed, and left many hundreds of their dead upon the field; among the killed was Mohammed Ali, the successor of the Mahdi.—Captain Wilson's force has again defeated King Lobengula in battle, and Lobengula has fled into the interior.—News has come from Archangel that Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, has safely crossed the Kara Sea, and is making good progress toward the mouth of the Yenesei River, whence he will make his attempt to cross the Arctic Ocean.—The brother of the Sultan of Morocco has agreed to submit to the terms offered by Spain in regard to the compensation for the attack on Melilla.—Affairs in Hawaii have, up to the latest news received here, undergone no important change; it is quite certain that the Provisional Government is prepared to resist any attempt to place the Queen again upon the throne, and it is probable that a permanent form of government will soon be organized.—At a by-election in Lancashire last week Mr. J. F. Leese, the Gladstonian candidate, was elected by a small majority.—The President has nominated Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, of Pennsylvania, to be Ambassador of the United States to Italy, and the appointment has been received by the country at large with very general expressions of approval.—The Honorable Edward Stanhope, Secretary of State and Secretary of War in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet, died in England on December 22.—The Anarchist Codina, who was lately arrested on the charge of throwing a dynamite bomb in the Barcelona theater, on November 7, has confessed his guilt; a large number of arrests have taken place.—Mr. John P. Hopkins was last week elected Mayor of Chicago to fill the unexpired term of the late Mayor Harrison; Mr. Hopkins is a Democrat.—Petitions for the dismissal of Prime Minister Tricoupis have been sent to the King of Greece.—A commercial agreement regarding the tariff has been entered into between Russia and

Germany.—Chancellor von Caprivi is reported to be desirous of resigning his office.



The Nation's Test

We publish on another page a series of interviews with experts on the situation of the unemployed in our great cities. The men and women who give our readers these views are not sentimentalists; they are not persons to be carried away by a sudden flood-tide of public feeling; and they are all so situated as to be personally familiar with the facts.

In two respects they are entirely agreed: First, that there are great multitudes of men who are willing to work and who are thrown out of employment by the present industrial crisis. Secondly, that nothing will be done to alleviate the real distress, and much to dishonor the honest and honorable unemployed, by public and indiscriminate charity—either by gifts of money to street-beggars, or by soup-kitchens where food is given away to any who ask for it. This easy and thoughtless giving is a poor substitute for real charity.

Real charity involves, on the part of the giver, consideration, reflection, study, care; it involves, on the part of the recipient, the preservation of his self-respect. It is easier to raise a million dollars to distribute among the poor than to distribute it wisely—so to distribute it that no man or woman shall be left the worse for having received that which is generously given.

The general principle is this: Never give something for nothing. To this principle there are exceptions; but the duty of the philanthropist is to make the exceptions as few as possible.

The individual who can afford to do so should continue the employment of all the labor for which he can pay. Avoid those economies which involve the discharge of willing workers. Every such discharge aggravates the present distress.

The money raised by subscription in our towns and cities should be expended, as far as possible, in paying for useful work. Street-cleaning offers one easy method of employment. Needed public improvements would afford another.

Never was there a better time to test co-operation. We have been protesting against sweat-shops. Let generosity do what employed capital so constantly refuses to do. Hire well lighted and ventilated rooms, and pay wages that are honest; then let the American consumer buy the product of the skilled labor employed. For this year finds skilled labor unemployed. Bakeries, laundries, dressmaking establishments, as well as tailoring, can be and should be maintained, not to make profits, but to give wages, this winter. If the condition of the working people is understood as it should be, the products will be sold, and the workrooms will be self-sustaining, if not profitable. This will necessarily employ capital under abnormal conditions, but we face abnormal conditions. To employ capital to give wages, instead of employing it to make profits, is dangerous, but we should take the risk, for it is far less dangerous than paying out the same capital in alms.

Loan companies should be established where people properly vouched for could obtain loans covering a specified time. This last is an absolute necessity if homes are to be maintained. Rent is the burden of the poor man in his time of idleness; he should be able to secure his rent, or a part of it, that he may keep his family together.

As a Nation, we have never been put to a more severe

test than we are forced to endure this winter. All over the country, thousands of families are threatened by hunger, cold, and even homelessness, if not enduring them at the present moment—families who have never known the pinch of poverty, who have never imagined that they could not secure shelter, fuel, food, and clothes, by their combined efforts. This winter they find themselves equipped with the same pride and self-respect, the same strength and skill, but there is no work to employ the one, that they may maintain and support the other. Whatever the cause of the financial depression, the result is that the future of thousands of families is threatened. The first touch of charity so often means the total loss of self-respect and self-endeavor! Work is not always, and to all men, an inspiration, but it is a necessity of character-building. Supplies without work should be given only when it is impossible to devise useful work by which they can be earned.

Slavery, when it became an issue, had that in it which appealed to the imagination. He who sought to wipe out what he believed was a blot on our National honor departed amid flying banners, beating of drums, tears, and benedictions; he was a hero ready to sacrifice life in a great cause. Those who believe that to have men and women and little children starving and freezing in a land of plenty is a blot on our National honor, and who seek to equalize the conditions, at least enough to prevent the scattering of families, and the physical suffering inseparable from hunger and cold, have as true a love of home and country as the men who marched to battle; but they fight without the support of military enthusiasm. We stand before the world still as an experimental government, testing the truth of the declaration that all men have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. If we do not rise to the present test, giving to every man the opportunity to earn his daily bread, by creating the conditions that make this possible, we must bear the ignominy of failure in achieving that which is the end of all government. If democracy fails to provide the means of honest and honorable livelihood for all willing workers, it fails in the most vital point; and its failure is not counterbalanced by largesses of the rich to support in enforced idleness the poor.



The Pope and the Bible

The Pope's Encyclical on the Study of the Bible, briefly epitomized in another column, is not a startling document to Protestants; but it marks a decided advance as coming from the Pope. Protestants base the Church on the Bible; Romanists base the Bible on the Church. As a consequence, Protestants have sometimes put the Church under ban and exalted the Book, and Romanists have sometimes put the Book under ban and exalted the Church. From the Protestant point of view we may welcome, therefore, an encyclical which exalts the Bible and urges its study in the light and by the methods of the best scholarship.

It is true that, in the Pope's estimate, the Vulgate is given a higher place than is awarded to it by the best scholars; but it is also true that he exhorts the scholars of the Church to compare the Vulgate with the best Greek and Hebrew originals. And it is clear that the latter rather than the former are the standard. The original is not to be measured by a translation, however excellent, but the translation by the original. It is also true that the Pope affirms that the Church is the appointed and infallible interpreter of Scripture; and implies, if he does not assert, that no interpretations are admissible which contradict those

which the Church has afforded. But in this respect the Pope occupies precisely the ground occupied by the Presbyterian General Assembly, which allows its ministers to study the Bible only in case they will pledge themselves beforehand to accept the views which the Church of the sixteenth century entertained, before the present facilities for Bible study were possessed by Christian scholars. Indeed, it may fairly be questioned whether the Pope does not occupy the better position of the two, since the Roman Church has a living and authoritative Head, who, if he cannot directly correct the mistakes of previous interpreters, can interpret them authoritatively so as to make them agree with modern scholarship; while the Presbyterian General Assembly, by declaring that it is heresy to recognize authority in the living Church, effectually deprives itself of this convenient resource for reconciling progress in the future with reverence for the past.

All Bible students will cordially welcome the Papal encyclical, not for any flood of light it throws on disputed questions in Biblical science, but for the impulse it will give to Bible study.



The Secret of Peace

At no time since the close of the Civil War have so many lives been so tossed by tumultuous cares. At no time has peace seemed so remote, so impossible. At no time have so many hours of sleep been lost, and so many hearts been heavy, not only, not chiefly, with present distress, but with forebodings of impending calamity. And probably never before did so many bear a living testimony to the power of the soul to be untroubled in the midst of trouble; never before, probably, was there witnessed in so many lives the fulfillment of the prophet's assurance, Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee. What is the secret of their peace?

Peace is a gift. He who pursues it loses it. He who battles for it defeats his desire by his endeavor. "The peace of God keep your hearts and minds" is the Apostle's prayer. When we stir up our hearts and minds to find or keep that peace, we reverse the right relation. It is God's peace, sent to find us, provided to keep us. Like a river, rising among the distant mountains, fed by the clouds, environing the city and guarding it from danger, God's peace flows down from him to us, and keeps the mind that is stayed on him.

Not trust but consecration is the secret of peace; or, rather, the trust that is the child of consecration. No man has a right to trust that God will keep him from all trouble. God keeps his child in trouble, and this is a better keeping. He who imagines that the universe centers about himself is strangely egotistical; but the supreme egotist is the man who imagines that God administers the universe for his particular benefit, and who fancies that this egotism is piety. The secret of peace is not in imagining that God will do all that we desire, but in making all our desires find their fulfillment in what God does. He only has God's peace who begins all his prayers with "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," and ends them all with "Thine be the kingdom and the power and the glory." Such an one carries no burdens, for all his burdens are God's, and he and God can carry them with ease. Such an one knows no fears for the future. The future is as sure to God as is the past, and God's assurance makes God's child calm. If God gives him wealth, he takes the trust and administers it for God. If God takes away wealth, and calls him to walk down into bankruptcy, he goes, glad to show how

God's child endures misfortune. If God lays him on a bed of sickness, he reflects that God needs invalids. If death summons him, he hears the voice as that of One who would wake him from life's troubled dream, and rises to greet the eternal sunshine.

I have no cares, O blessed Will,
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for thou
Hast made thy triumph mine.



The Next Reform

The reign of machines and bosses, the low level to which public action often sinks, and the extraordinary difficulty of arousing citizens to an energetic exercise of their public duties, beget at times a profound sense of discouragement, and men seriously ask themselves whether the ideal of democracy can ever be realized in a dignified, elevated, and inspiring public life. While it is true that great things have been done on this continent, and that great advances are recorded in our political development, it is also true that our failures have so far been as conspicuous as our successes. Some one has recently said that the problem of our great cities, before it is finally settled, will subject our institutions to a greater strain than did the slavery question; and the persistence with which the machine element governs both cities and parties in various parts of the country sometimes seems to promise the permanency of a kind of political management which is both disgraceful and disheartening. We must do very much better things politically than we have already done if we are to demonstrate the absolute superiority of the democratic system over the other systems of government. America is still a great opportunity rather than a great achievement.

From this point of view the most hopeful feature of the recent elections is not the actual overturning of rings and bosses, but the apparently serious determination to extirpate rings and bosses by concerted and sustained action. Heretofore these obnoxious persons and elements in our political situation have been dethroned from time to time, by what may be called spurts of political energy; but with the subsidence of the interest and the return of the voter to his usual occupations the machine and boss have quietly resumed control. There are many indications that the voters have learned a lesson, and have discovered that the only way to meet and destroy a well-organized political machine is to match it with another machine equally well equipped and quite as capable of persistent effort. No amount of mere declamation and denunciation would have defeated the race-track gambling in New Jersey. That result was due to the sagacity of men like Mr. Lindabury, who saw that in order to defeat the gamblers the opposing political forces in the State must be quite as thoroughly organized. Such an organization was effected—an organization so perfect that not only were voters personally urged to cast their ballots in the right way, but that at any moment the whole State could be flooded with anti-race-track literature. At every point the political machine in the hands of the race-track gamblers found itself confronted by an equally well-organized machine in the hands of independent citizens, and the election was a Waterloo for the race-track gamblers.

In this State attempts are being made to free both the Republican and the Democratic parties from the exclusive control of machine elements. Leagues of voters are being formed, in the hope of banding together the best men in a party, for the purpose of controlling the machine element

and machine nominees, and, if necessary, of combating and defeating both at the polls when nominations are unworthy. It is proposed, in other words, to organize the rank and file of the parties as thoroughly as local management is now organized, and to meet the political boss and his machine with another machine much more flexible, and entirely honorable in its purposes, but equally well organized and equally persistent. No local boss could survive the opposition of an organization in his own party which should be inclusive of the great mass of reputable voters, and which should be independent in its action. Such a boss would soon follow the leadings of such an organization, and would become virtuous, however strong his vicious tendencies might be. Tammany Hall could not exist for any length of time out of power. It is held together by revenues which flow in all kinds of rills from the public treasury. To cut off those rills, and to leave the channel of Tammany beneficence dry and dusty for a season, would be to drive those whose thirst is slaked by this stream to other and purer means of support. Tammany cannot live without money, and it cannot get money except as it holds office. The voters of this city are beginning to believe, not only that they can defeat Tammany, but that they can keep Tammany out of power; and if that belief can be honestly and persistently acted upon, the greatest machine in America can be broken into fragments within the next five years. It is a great satisfaction to record the various indications of a new advance in the serious acceptance of the duties of citizenship, and of a new determination to remedy the evils in our political system inherent in both parties, and destructive of both parties, by patient and steadfast devotion to public interests. This country cannot render any more effective service to the world to-day than by the purification of its politics, which have been for a long time past the synonym in foreign countries for inefficiency and corruption, so that the democratic hope and the democratic ideal have steadily suffered by our own infidelities. To redeem our cities, to drive the sordid element out of our National politics, to destroy the bosses and the machines, and so open the way for the rapid rise of independent men in all parties, would be to give a new lease of life to the democratic principle throughout the world.



Truth Out of Experience

The value of experience depends entirely on the ability to extract from it that which is vital and significant. A great many men and women pass through all manner of experiences without retaining any trace of what they have gone through, save perhaps an agreeable or a disagreeable recollection. They go through life very much as a bird goes through the air and leaves no trace of its flight and bears no trace with it. As the chief importance of life lies in the educational quality which one gets out of it, and as this quality is secured only by rationalizing our experience and preserving in our own character and our own growth the results of it, the failure to turn experience into truth and character means failure of the most fundamental kind. The power of growth, which is perhaps the greatest and most valuable faculty which any human being possesses, is measured by the capacity for taking out of experience that which aids the unfolding of one's nature, strengthens against temptation, clears one's views of life, and brings all one's faculties into thorough command. There were obvious limitations in Goethe's nature, and there was, to many persons at least, a great limitation in his view of life, but the marvelous fruitfulness of the man

is explained by the fact that he turned all his experience into general truths and made them a part of his own nature, so that almost every great work from his pen can be traced to some actual happening in his life. This is the secret and the source of power in every successful man and woman. Life ought to be cumulative; it ought never to be necessary to go a second time through the same experience in order to learn its lesson. A constant habit of meditation ought to accompany experience, because it is by thinking upon the things that we have gone through that we reach their meaning, and then, by the action of the will, we add the new truth we have found to our capital of knowledge and character. The man or woman who does this becomes a growing force, not drained by the events of life, but rather enriched by them.



Editorial Notes

—The finding by the New York Grand Jury of about fifty indictments against election inspectors and others for violating the laws at the November election in this city is the strongest possible evidence of the practical work being done by the new-school reformers. Formerly the practice was to objurgate during election week, and then to be too indolent to prosecute.

—The "P. Divver Association," a Tammany organization in the Second Ward of this city, has arranged to give one thousand tons of coal to the deserving poor. In the Twenty-fourth Ward the Tammany Central Association has raised a poor-fund of \$2,600, and enlisted a corps of physicians to furnish free medical attendance to the sick poor. Are the churches equally on the alert?

—A Conference for Good City Government has been called to meet in Philadelphia, January 23 and 24. The call is issued by the Municipal League of Philadelphia, and is addressed to persons throughout the country who are interested in municipal reforms. The questions, though local, are everywhere present and pressing, and therefore are of the first National importance.

—The action of the Board of Health of this city in its determination to prevent the defilement of the atmosphere and the sky of New York by the use of soft coal for factory purposes cannot be too strongly commended and indorsed. After the experience of London, Chicago, and many other cities, it would be absurd to permit the growth here of a nuisance which other cities are striving against with almost desperate energy.

—This year many of the East Side stores in this city sold Christmas presents on the installment plan. A \$1.50 present could thus be paid for in eight monthly installments of 25 cents each. Rate of interest, 100 per cent. per annum! To those who have in mind sermons on the abuse of Christmas, we commend these sentences from Newman's "Lectures on Political Economy:" "Heartily do I wish that shop debts were pronounced after a certain day irrecoverable by law. All prices would sink to the scale of cash prices. Shopkeepers would be rid of a great deal of care which ruins the happiness of thousands."

—The inability of some Government officials to "see things straight" was strikingly illustrated the other day when the Bavarian Minister of War was interpellated in Parliament with regard to the refusal of several army officers to accept commands in the Reserve on account of their objection to the practice of dueling. The Minister did not assert the righteousness of dueling, but he declared that the practice must go on because it is the practice of the educated classes in civil life, and because without it officers must, in certain cases, resort to fisticuffs. This would seem to indicate that in certain cases Bavarian officers cease to be gentlemen. The Minister of War may be an adept in his profession, but he is curiously lacking in the ability to distinguish between a social peculiarity and a moral law.

—With that delicate sense of fairness which always characterizes its attitude toward those who differ from it, the New York "Evening Post" says: "It was not perhaps to be expected that the religious press would read the evidence in the Hawaiian case, and so earn a right to speak upon its legal aspects." It was to be expected, however, that the editors of the "Post," who have a very considerable knowledge of English, would read their own columns. We commend to their attention the following sentence taken from the same issue: "The inspector to-day had a number of cases like this, and regretted that Providence had not stepped in and acted so that on the appropriation of some charitable person, who had stipulated that the gift should aid some deserving widow, could not be applied to the relief of these families."

The Unemployed

What Shall be Done for the Worthy Poor?

NEW YORK CITY has altogether 38,000 tenements, and so thickly populated is the East Side of the town that in a mile square there are one-third of a million people. No city in the world can show such density of population. It is right here that the misery is greatest. Yet here, too, there is often the most patent evidence of altruism. Each tenement is a place where the condition of those therein is pretty well known to each lodger. The people are huddled together so thickly that need becomes known, and those about to starve help those already starving. The poor have always been the truest helpers of the poor, because they are the first at hand.

Among these tenement-house families there exists the keenest suffering in New York, and consequently among them there is the greatest need for assistance. It is agreed upon by all that free-soup kitchens and free lodgings only breed beggars. All indiscriminate charity of money, clothing, food, or fuel must be avoided, for ninety per cent. of the street applicants for money are impostors. The one thing which the worthy poor ask for is work. We must find a plan of creating employment for them, since in these times it is an impossibility to find them places. Shops and factories are reducing their forces, and men are being daily discharged. None are taken on. So we are confronted by the query: How to give the really needy temporary relief by work without being imposed upon by the vagrants and beggars who have neither residence nor family as a claim for such assistance?

It is to aid in answering these questions intelligently that The Outlook has, through personal interviews, obtained expressions of opinion on the subject from several men prominent in philanthropic work in New York City:

Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church, says: "Do you know that one in every ten funerals goes to the Potter's Field? Now, that indicates general conditions of poverty always existing, not the far more special and ghastly ones of this winter. Think what that one in ten means, remembering that the poor man will sacrifice everything in order to bury his dead properly. Then think what the conditions are now. Why, men come to me every day for work. I have to send them off to shops and factories, and then I get the answer: 'We are discharging our own hands; we cannot take on any.' Now what to do? Well, a relief committee was organized by a few of us workers on the East Side, and we have, as you know, a tailor-shop and street-sweeping work which give employment to about one hundred and fifty persons. But to set more at work we must have more money. The appeal on behalf of the East Side relief work ought to have been more generally advertised. As to the numbers out of work, the papers may have exaggerated certain statements, but there has been no exaggeration as to the real need. There has not been anything like enough appreciation of it. The fact is, most men in this town who are working among the poor have as much on their hands as would keep ten men busy. It is not through lack of sympathy with the unemployed, but through the absorption of our busy men, that we don't get more money out of them for our relief work. The bald facts of the numbers of men out of employment and of their terrible destitution must be brought to the notice of our rich and philanthropic citizens who would be glad to give, but first must have concise knowledge to the effect that they are giving intelligently. While this charity of relief work is, of course, only a drop in the bucket, we must maintain our principle. We cannot lower the one dollar a day figure in street-sweeping. Otherwise there would be such an inward protest that even were less accepted there would be too great a loss of self-respect. It would be hard indeed, anyway, for a family to get along on seventy-five cents. Our greatest need is that of a central labor organization, perhaps in connection with the United Charities—a

place which should furnish us with just that statistical information needed now concerning the problematical number of the unemployed, and the real extent of their want. As to this special East Side relief work, we should have a Citizens' Committee in control, which could handle not \$5,000 but \$50,000. One thing more. No indiscriminate charity must be allowed at this time, or ever. All are agreed on that—theorists and practical men alike."

Dr. Felix Adler says: "In ordinary times free gifts and indiscriminate charity, whether of money or meals, lodging or fuel, should be urgently deprecated. But the condition of things which we have to face this winter is altogether exceptional. There is a vast army of the unemployed. Whether there has been exaggeration or not, we know that sore destitution exists. Now what can be done? The intelligent work of the East Side Relief Committee is good as far as it goes, but should be very greatly enlarged. At present the brunt falls on a few devoted followers in the slums of the East Side. They have a few hundred men and women at work in their tailor-shop and at street-sweeping. But it is said—who knows?—that there may be one hundred thousand out of employment. We know somewhat as to their destitution. Their need is great, and demands a great remedy. Now, why should we not borrow from the future for the present, and use these unemployed people for work on great public undertakings, which would interfere with no present ones, but which are necessary to the community at large?"

Mr. Hebbard, the Superintendent of the Charity Organization Society, says: "We have three times as many applicants for work this month as is usual. Besides that, a greater proportion than usual are worthy cases. Many more will come after the first of January, because industrial establishments must keep up their force to the end of the year, in order to make the best possible showing. You have heard of the increase of beggars. They are getting rabid. In some cases lately they have been even using violence when their requests were not complied with. They may be numbered by the tens of thousands, and in nearly all cases are loafers who won't work. We must divide the sheep from the goats, and the really unemployed from these 'rounders.' No free soup, nor fuel, nor food, nor lodging should be permitted one instant in this town. As to the swarm of beggars and vagabonds and tramps, there is but one true way to help them. Make their willingness to work a test as to whether they should be given aid. The majority will take all the free things you can give them. Their last state—and yours—will be far worse than the first. In spite of exaggerated statements of general destitution, if the public give us the proper support, we hope to be able to meet this extraordinary emergency now upon us this winter. But we must have extraordinary support."

The Rev. Dr. McSweeney, of St. Bridgid's Church (R. C.), Avenue B, says: "In this district the great problem among our poor Roman Catholics is not food nor fuel, but rent. The number of men thrown out of work seems to me greatly exaggerated, but, surely, enough are now unemployed to make their rent-pay of the first consideration. Landlords are liberal enough, but there are bounds to their patience, as we well know. With men daily and unexpectedly thrown out of work, where are the rents coming from? I don't believe in free gifts of money or of food where the recipient is able to work and you can give it to him. It develops pauperism. But as to food, I do believe in cheap restaurants. The one on Avenue A is the cheapest yet. You can get a meal there for two cents. Like all others, the charitable society of our church is overrun with impostors of all sorts. We always demand addresses, and investigate every case before any relief is given. We find that many are bogus addresses. It is discouraging work, this continually being imposed upon, but we keep at it nevertheless, for our rule is never to help until after

personal investigation. Why, there is no limit to the shrewdness of the applicants. Yesterday I received a letter from a private detective whom I know, testifying that the bearer was, through no fault of his, in a starving condition. To-day I met the detective himself, who told me that he never wrote such a letter. Hence, I say, the condition that a man shall be a resident and personally known is a good feature of relief work. There is a society on the East Side which gives work at street-sweeping, making the wages one dollar a day instead of fifty cents or seventy-five cents, and the poor men are glad to accept it, for the present at least. You cannot support a family on much less than one dollar a day. But, all the same, there are many workmen who are only too ready to prate about the dignity of labor instead of being glad that they can get anything at all to do in hard times, and they do not reflect that they are degrading labor by begging."

The Rev. Dr. Mottet, rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, says: "If we could have a cent of work for every cent of charity given, that would be an ideal state of things. We are approaching that ideal more and more, however. Most emphatically I do not believe in giving money, and we should give food or fuel only with the most careful discrimination. As to the demands on our own employment agency, they have been quadrupled. Why should not every church be an employment agency? The great thing is to have localized centers. Suppose a man goes from my parish to the East Side for help, he takes just so much bread out of the mouth of some one there. In this quarter we hear of constant wage reductions, piano men working three days out of a week, haberdashery-makers reduced fifteen per cent., and a batch of saleswomen near by discharged right in the height of the season."

The Rev. Edward Judson, of the Judson Memorial, says: "There exists unparalleled suffering by reason of the special conditions under which we live this winter. During over twelve years in New York I have seen nothing to compare with the present distress. If we have the famine here which we may have, this room may become a free-soup kitchen, and this floor may be covered with lodging-beds. But I don't believe in giving something for nothing, except in extremest cases. Why should not every church be something more than merely a place of prayer? Only such an agency can penetrate into the sinuosities of poverty and destitution in its own district. Your general societies can never do it alongside a particular local church which has grown up with the families composing its membership and the environment of that membership."

The Rev. W. T. Elsing, pastor of the DeWitt Memorial Church, Rivington Street, says: "I have no sympathy with extravagant statements concerning the numbers out of employment. But I do know that there is bitter poverty and most pressing need. Many people who never before have received aid will have to be assisted this winter. No free places of any kind should be allowed. They are the very things to develop the tramp. In my district the poor look out for their own poor. You will find a tenement-house in which a family is about to be evicted for arrears in rent, when, lo! the others, only slightly better off, will scrape together enough to tide over affairs. Hence the most worthy among the destitute are those who ask no help. We must ferret them out in the holes where they elect to die rather than be dependent."

Mr. G. B. Safford, Secretary of the Brooklyn United Charities, says: "The present poverty extends, as never before, to those who would accept alms only under most painful necessity. Many of our applicants have always had something laid up for a rainy day until this winter. We must be doubly careful with our methods of doing good, so that we may not take away from the innate self-respect of these worthy poor. To-day we had fifty applications, many of which were from families unused to want and disinclined to beggary. Free meals or anything free would detract from their feeling of independence, and would be only less painful than starvation itself. But the cases are investigated instantly, and then the help comes intelligently from those who give, and it is accepted without loss of self-respect from those who receive."

Mr. Isaac Spectorsky, of the Hebrew Institute, says: "Of course mendicants will take advantage of any popular cry about starvation. Immense numbers of idle loafers, readier for crime than for work, will be attracted here by the possibility of getting free soup or lodging. But there have never been so many worthy applicants as now. We have hundreds of them daily. The poor have economized all they can. A three-room flat, formerly none too large for one family, now accommodates two. Many cases there are of a man and wife and several children stowed away in one little room. Think not only of this ghastly poverty, but of the ghastlier lack of privacy. There should be no delay about enlarging the work of this East Side Relief Committee."

Mr. Wilkins, the Secretary of the Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A., says: "Look into our place some day. You will find at least a hundred men waiting for work. I suppose we have from five hundred to eight hundred applications a day. The number of those out of employment has not been exaggerated in the papers, nor their destitution. They are hungry and homeless. Last year we sheltered two thousand men, and obtained work for 1,630 of them. Our dormitories have latterly been so taxed that we actually turned our reading-room into one. Ten thousand meals were given last month, but our relief fund is almost exhausted, and altogether inadequate to meet the demands of this winter. They say, and it is true as a general principle, that the evils of poverty would be aggravated by free gifts, but I do not think the principle should be strictly enforced at this particular time."

Mr. Charles B. Stover, the well-known worker on the East Side, says: "We shall always run against hard times, and the problem of the unemployed will always be a vexed one. Why not settle matters now on a firmer basis than is being done by the palliative of tailor-shops or street-cleaning? What we want on this subject is new and broader legislation. Why should not those out of work be employed to carry about a proposed amendment to the Constitution of our State which should give us something to counteract present and future hard times—namely, Home Rule for New York City? We ought to control our own municipal government and not be controlled by the present domination any longer. Further, we ought to have a direct vote—namely, the Referendum. Then we could amend things to suit the times."

The following is an example of the house-to-house canvass on the East Side made by the University Settlement, under the direction of Dr. Stanton Coit:

ONE TENEMENT-HOUSE, NO. — ALLEN STREET

- 15 Families in house.
- 10 Families in great need.
- 2 Families have usual amount of work.
- 1 Family disreputable.

In most of these families there is only one wage-earner, the children being all small.

First Family—5 in family; cloak-maker; out of work almost one year.

2d—3 in family; Italians; man formerly had fruit-stand; things now in pawn.

3d—8 in family; man has worked two weeks in a year; son has worked seven months; rent for one month due; things in pawn.

4th—6 in family; out of work at present; no desperate need.

5th—5 in family; man out of town looking for work; things in pawn; no coal; woman to be confined before long.

6th—2 in family; old man and wife; man sick, cannot work; woman scrubs, earns \$1 per week; son is married, and has helped, but has no work now; no coal.

7th—4 in family; evicted last month; collection taken up to pay this month's rent; in debt to grocer; no money; no coal.

8th—5 in family; little clothing for self or children; things in pawn, even bedding; woman expects daily to be confined; no coal.

9th—2 in family; old man and wife; Germans; nice people; husband can earn rent only; married children cannot help; son a painter, son-in-law a paper-box maker; both out of work for months.

And of the five other families the breadwinners of four are out of work.

E. F. B.

The Book of Genesis

The Documentary Hypothesis

By Lyman Abbott

In this article I propose to give to the lay reader some account of the modern theory of the composition of the Book of Genesis. In so doing I neither criticise nor commend; I write as an historian. It must suffice in the outset to say that in some respects the views here described I fully agree with, concerning others I am in doubt; but I am very sure that none interferes with the value or the spiritual authority of the book. To be more specific, I understand that it is now entirely settled that Genesis is composed of previous documents, which may be more or less clearly distinguished; but whether these documents existed prior to the days of Moses and were combined in one narrative by him, or were combined by a later writer, in or about the time of the Exile—that is, about 600 B.C.—is still a debated question, the weight of modern scholarship inclining to the latter opinion.

According to either view, a period of several centuries elapsed between the last event mentioned in Genesis—the death of Jacob—and the birth of the writer or editor of the book. Whether this intervening period was four centuries or twelve centuries is not very important. In either case, the question arises, How did the writer acquire his knowledge of the events narrated? He certainly was not present at the creation of the world, the fall of Adam, the Deluge, the migration of Abraham, the abduction of Joseph. How did he learn of these facts? Two answers are possible to this question. One, that the information was given him by direct revelation of God—as the information concerning future events is supposed to have been given to the prophets. This is a possible hypothesis; but it is not affirmed by the Bible. The “Thus saith the Lord” which we find in the prophets is conspicuously absent from the Book of Genesis. The writer does not claim for himself that the facts were revealed to him, and no subsequent Biblical writer makes the claim for him. The other hypothesis is that he was dependent, as other historians are, upon pre-existing materials; that there were in his time traditions, legends, stories—some of them probably documentary, some of them possibly oral traditions—and out of them he wove the connected narrative. This is the modern view. It is certainly more natural than the other; and it is equally Biblical.¹

With this explanation I proceed to give the modern view of the origin and nature of the Book of Genesis.

Eight hundred years had passed since the birth of Israel as a nation in the Wilderness; four hundred years since the organization of the kingdom under David. During all these years the work of education had been going on, much as the education of Europe since the days of Charlemagne, or of England since those of Alfred the Great. During these centuries the process of education had been slow, and the educative influences diverse—sometimes antagonistic. The nation had been surrounded by pagan nations—idolatrous, polytheistic, immoral in their religious faiths and services; sometimes had fought against these evil influences and strengthened its own faith by the conflict; sometimes had succumbed and become itself idolatrous, polytheistic, and immoral; but generally had maintained a religious service and a moral life in which pure and pagan faiths were intermingled. A priesthood had arisen, which had engrafted on the very simple religion of Moses an elaborate ritual. This ritual the priests had endeavored to trace back to Moses, and for it they had claimed his authority, much as the Church of the Middle Ages claimed Apostolic authority for its elaborate system of ritual and of doctrine. Prophets had arisen from time to time—like the Reformers both before and after the Reformation—who had bravely contended against both the paganism and the priesthood, endeavoring with varying success to bring back the people to the simplicity of faith which characterized their great

prophet, Moses, and the one book in the Sacred Writings of their nation which is of undoubted antiquity, if not of Mosaic authorship—the Book of the Covenant.¹ This faith was very simple, as simple as that of the Sermon on the Mount. The superstructure which had been reared upon it was very complicated, almost as complicated as that of the Church of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries after Christ. As an effort to bring the nation back to that simplicity of faith in one God—who is the Creator and Ruler of Nature and the Father of all mankind; who had made man in his own image and to be his child; who was a righteous God and demanded righteousness and only righteousness of his children; who recognized and welcomed any honest seeker after him (such as Abraham); who demanded no elaborate sacrificial system, recognized the family as the first church and the father as the first priest, and welcomed the true worshiper wherever he worshiped—one of these prophets undertook to write an introduction to the history of Israel. The materials were ready to his hand in the prehistoric legends and traditions of his people. He arranged, classified, edited, and in some instances rewrote them. The result is the Book of Genesis—that is, the Book of Origins.

There lie before me, as I write, three copies of the Gospels. The first consists of the four Gospels, each distinct, though bound together in a Bagster's Bible. The second is Robinson's “Harmony of the Gospels,” in which all the words of each Gospel are given, but in parallel columns. The third is J. R. Gilmore's “Life of Our Lord,” in which the four Gospel narratives are combined in one connected narrative, the language of the King James version being preserved, but omissions being made where necessary to prevent duplication. The Book of Genesis may be compared to such a harmony of the Gospels. In some instances both the original accounts are given, as in Robinson's Harmony; in other instances two or more original accounts are combined in one continuous narrative, as in Gilmore's Harmony. An illustration of the first is afforded by the two accounts of Creation. The first account, which calls God by the general title of Elohim—literally, the Gods—occupies chaps. i.-ii., 3. This is a hymn of praise to Elohim as the Creator; it represents man as made in God's image, but gives no history of the method of his creation, and none of his first sin and fall. The second account, which calls God by his Israelitish name of Jahveh or Jehovah, occupies chaps. ii., 4-iii., 24, and includes a separate story of woman's creation and of the sin and fall of both, but gives no detailed account of the creation of the heavens and the earth. With an old Bible and a pair of scissors the reader can cut out these two accounts and paste them in parallel columns, as the Gospel narratives are printed in Robinson's Harmony. He will then see that each account is complete in itself. The first narrative, that of the Elohist narrator—so called because he always uses the word Elohim to designate God—closes the account of the creation with the phrase (Gen. ii., 4), “These are the generations of the heavens and the earth when they were created,” and his narrative is taken up again in chap. v., 1, with the phrase, “This is the book of the generations of Adam.” The reader will readily see that the two naturally make a continuous narrative, broken in upon by chaps. ii., 4-iv., 26, which really constitute another and interpolated narrative.

An illustration of the two narratives combined in one is afforded by the story of Joseph. This story is supposed to be composed of two or more narratives (for simplicity's sake I represent it here as composed of two only), and I print the two in parallel columns, exactly as the two or more Gospel narratives are printed in Robinson's Harmony. The reader will observe that, as thus printed, each narrative is complete in itself, neither narrative duplicates in exact words what is in the other, and yet the two can be combined, without either adding or omitting a word, in the narrative as we possess it in the Book of Genesis. And this is, in fact, what modern criticism supposes the editor

¹The student will find the first view stated with great beauty in Hugh Miller's “Testimony of the Rocks,” though he applies it only to the first chapter of Genesis; the second is stated with great clearness in the Introduction to Lenormant's “Beginnings of History.”

¹The Book of the Covenant is so distinctly marked by its opening and closing that the English reader can easily see that it has a distinct unity and character. It is almost certainly the oldest of the writings which tradition has attributed to Moses. It comprises chapters xx.—xxiv., 8 of the Book of Exodus.

of Genesis has done; it supposes that he had these two accounts before him and did thus combine them in the one account, much as Mr. Gilmore has combined the Gospel narratives in his "Life of Our Lord."

ELOHISTIC NARRATIVE

Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and he was a lad with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives; and Joseph brought the evil report of them unto their father. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said unto him, Shalt thou reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words. And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind. And he said to him, Here am I. And he said to him, Go now, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flock; and bring me word again. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field; and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: Tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock. And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And they saw him afar off. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father; and they took, and cast him into the pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen: and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

JEHOVISTIC NARRATIVE

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them. So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem; and before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And Reuben heard it, and delivered him out of their hand; and said, Let us not take his life. And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, the coat of many colors that was on him; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a traveling company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren, What profit is it if we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother, our flesh. And his brethren hearkened unto him, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field; and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren: Tell me, I pray thee, where they are feeding the flock. And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let us go to Dothan. And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And they saw him afar off. And they said one to another, Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into one of the pits, and we will say, An evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams. And Reuben said unto them, Shed no blood; cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness, but lay no hand upon him: that he might deliver him out of their hand, to restore him to his father; and they took, and cast him into the pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread. And there passed by Midianites, merchantmen: and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit. And they brought Joseph into Egypt.

The limits of such an article as this forbid my carrying this analysis any further. This illustration will suffice to show the lay reader what the Documentary Hypothesis is.¹ What view he will take of this hypothesis will depend very largely upon the view which he entertains as to the object of the Bible. If he supposes that its object is to reveal accurately the facts as to natural science and ancient history, this hypothesis will be fatal to his faith. But if he supposes that the object of revelation is to reveal to men the character of God, that this revelation is made to men through men, and that it is a progressive revelation, so that the knowledge of God grows clearer in the history of the human race, somewhat as it does in the experience of the individual, then it will not seem to him strange, but rather natural, that a prophet who saw, as by spiritual vision, God in his world, should have taken such materials as he possessed and used them in rewriting a history of the beginnings of his own people, not for the purpose of giving to them or to us an infallible account of either natural science or ancient history, but for the purpose of bearing a testimony to God as the Creator and Ruler of the universe, and as the Providence of our individual lives.

¹ A very useful book to put this hypothesis before him fully, with the resultant analyses of the Book of Genesis, is "Genesis of Genesis," by Benjamin Wisner Bacon. (The Student Publishing Company, Hartford.)

Suggestions for Small Book-Buyers

By Clifton Johnson

It seems to me that in our country the family which does not buy books should be a rare exception to the rule—as rare a one as the family which does not take a weekly or daily newspaper.

I fancy that the large majority of families, even in a land as favored as ours, have felt and do feel the pinch of poverty. They do not suffer from cold or hunger or lack of housing, but a sharp economy has to be practiced year in and year out. What are apparently pressing needs are always piling hopelessly up in advance of the means to satisfy them. The needs I have in mind are not fancied nor ostentatious, in the main, but are among the simpler comforts and pleasures of life that all of us may fairly aspire to possess. Yet it is to be remembered that if we waited till all our other wants were satisfied, we, every one, rich and poor alike, would not buy a single book our lives through.

The common feeling about books is that they are luxuries, and many have the idea that they are to be bought only when the buyer has "money to throw away." Rightly classed, I believe they belong among the pressing needs—that they are food for intelligence and character, without which a person lives mentally half fed. I do not say "starved," because there are "books in running brooks and sermons in stones." Earth and sky in all their changes are constantly talking to us; each and every creature of the wood and field and air has its story; so has the human life we come in contact with. You have no need of a purse to read Nature's book, and you have no need to learn the alphabet. Each of us may and should be a seer—a learner from nature; yet it would be a pity if we must be deprived of the suggestion and stimulus and pleasure to be derived from the recorded thought and observation of the great seers who have lived before us.

We should all be readers for the same reasons that every town, however poor, should have its schools. General intelligence lies at the basis of thrift, good government, and good morals.

We should have books in the household, as well as newspapers; for the latter are of a desultory and temporary character, and you are almost certain to miss, in such periodicals as you take, the most of the best work that is done in a particular year; and of course the great works of the past have no place whatever in our papers and magazines.

Books should be owned as well as taken from libraries and borrowed from friends; for you never can get so satisfactory a companionship from the book not yours, nor are you apt to master its contents as thoroughly. The book that charms you is to a mild degree what the loved one is to the lover—he delights in her presence even if she says no word. As to her speech, no day is so drearily clouded but that it makes the sun shine for him.

Then, too, there is no pleasanter piece of furniture for a room than a good book; and a gradually accumulating and carefully selected library, however small, is sure to be interesting to intelligent visitors, and is always an excellent subject of conversation. It is, besides, a source of culture to all members of the family; and if, happily, you are so placed that you can lend to appreciative neighbors, its good influence may be wide-reaching.

After all, the main trouble is not in seeing the desirability of owning books, but in finding the money to buy them. It will require very careful consideration on the part of some to lay aside the few coins or the few bills with which it will be possible to start a library or keep it growing. I do not doubt that you spend some money for "vanities" every year. Most of us do. The more barren the life, the more inclined the feeling is to relieve itself in a fragmentary bit of display; and the world has reason to be thankful if this search for relief does not lose itself in shallow pleasures or run into dissipation. These vanities are not things to be rudely railed against, and I would prefer to leave the question of where the money is to be

saved an open one. If you have the will, you will be very sure to find the way.

It is especially important for small book-buyers to have some plan and purpose in their buying. Large buyers have leeway for waste. Small buyers ought to make every penny tell.

The general objects in reading are information, culture, and pleasure. Most of our newspaper reading is for information; most of our other reading is for pleasure. Increase of culture, which is the enlargement and improvement of one's knowledge, is lost sight of; yet it can be made to include both pleasure and information.

I think it is a common impression that culture is a dull and dismal height to which the climber finds the path exceedingly wearisome. But there are, in reality, as many paths to culture as there are people; and if, in your aim to acquire culture, you follow your interests in selecting your reading, you will find the way always pleasant, and, however far you get, the path still opens before you. I do not mean that one should never read what is dull or difficult to them, but I am sure it is a mistake to make a steady diet of such things.

Another danger in the pursuit of culture is the possibility of making it a fad—of putting it on like a new fashion, and displaying and sentimentalizing over it. There is no author you can fairly agree with and like equally in everything he says. Think your own thoughts, and make your own mistakes and profit by them. Books cannot build for you. They only furnish for your structure materials that you must pick among according to the views you yourself have of right. You will find that all earnest people will care much more for what you have thought out yourself than for what you can quote from famous authors. It may be you will say the same thing as some great writer, but it will be most vital if you say it as you think and feel it yourself, even if the terms of your expression are crude and rough.

The primary purpose in the attainment of culture should be some acquaintance with what has been said by the greatest of the poets and novelists and philosophers, both past and present. It becomes a great pleasure, in conversation and in reading, or in listening to a preacher or lecturer, to have some personal knowledge of the writers that are mentioned or quoted from. To be entirely without such knowledge makes one mentally as little traveled as is the man who lives all his life in a secluded village, and never sets foot beyond its borders.

When it comes to the point of buying, I have this plan to suggest: that, in the necessarily gradual accumulation of books, the list be a varied one. First, suppose you buy the one book of those published in the past year that, from all those you have heard about and read about, you think you will enjoy most. Second, buy a volume of one of the great poets. Third, get a copy of the work of some of the famous old philosophers, as Marcus Aurelius, for instance. Fourth, try some noted novel or book of tales, like "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "Arabian Nights," or "Vanity Fair." Fifth, buy some interesting book of travel, history, or economics.

These suggestions are not iron-bound. I only wish that in buying you should keep in mind an all-round culture. None of these divisions can be wholly neglected, but you will buy along the line of your interests, and the department you care least about will rightly get the least attention.

Aside from subject matter, the buyer has to consider the binding and paper of the proposed purchase. It seems to me very rarely best for small buyers to put money into fine bindings; and, on the other hand, I always feel it a pity to get works of permanent worth in paper covers. For the home library, at least, we can aspire to own books that have good paper, good type, and a neat and permanent binding. Only so will they be a lasting treasure.

In all this I take it for granted that you will avoid books that are doubtful morally, either in the text or "high art" illustrations. Then there is a vast amount of rubbish in book form afloat on the literary sea, and it will take a deal of care and thought on your part to keep free from

it. But in this lies a chief pleasure in the gathering of a small library—the feeling that out of the great mass of the good, bad, and indifferent you have picked some of the gems.

To make my book-buying suggestions clearly definite, I append two such lists as a person who followed these suggestions might make out if he had, say, five dollars to spend this year on books:

LIST FIRST

1. Stockton's The Watchmaker's Wife.....	\$1 25
2. Burns's Poems.....	75
3. Epictetus.....	40
4. Pickwick Papers.....	75
5. Kennan's Tent Life in Siberia.....	1 25

The above covers the five departments I outlined, and there still remains a small surplus, which I will imagine invested thus:

Mrs. Ewing's Dandelion Clocks.....	\$0 30
Sir Arthur Helps's Friends in Council.....	30

LIST SECOND

1. Mark Twain's £1,000,000 Bank Note.....	\$1 00
2. Tennyson's Poems.....	75
3. Bacon's Essays.....	40
4. Cooper's Last of the Mohicans.....	75
5. Bowker's Economics for the People.....	75

EXTRAS

Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	\$1 00
Richardson's Primer of American Literature.....	35

That makes an even five dollars for each list, and the books have each not only literary value, but would be found exceedingly interesting by most intelligent readers. These lists are only a suggestion. Dozens such can be made out, to better suit the tastes of particular individuals, that will cover the ground as thoroughly. The prices quoted are at a moderate estimate for good editions of the books named, and are high enough to bring them to buyers, singly or all together, postage paid.



Orators

By William O. Stoddard

It has been said that this generation of Americans has not yet developed any public men whose influence on the course of events, or whose rank in public esteem, depends largely upon their oratorical gifts.

Although the assertion does not rise above the level of a half-truth, an attempt to analyze it has brought up in my mind an old conviction concerning all the great orators. From a very early beginning I took every opportunity offering to hear and study any man who had won a reputation as a public speaker or as a statesman, and it became my settled belief that every one of them owed the greater part of the effect he produced upon his hearers to the condition of their minds for hearing. That is, to an entirely unrecognized degree, the occasion makes or mars the orator. I think it is beyond a doubt that in this lay the secret of the traditionally marvelous power of Patrick Henry—but I never heard *him*!

Parliamentary debaters, European or American, rise before audiences especially educated and prepared, and their occasions are often engineered for them as theatrically as was that of Webster's reply to Hayne, so familiar to every school-boy. Perhaps, therefore, they, as well as the pulpit orators, may be omitted from the field under consideration. Much better examples may be found outside of Parliament, Assembly, Reichstag, or Congress.

No one will deny, at all events, that, if we ever had a statesman whose National fame and influence was largely due to his power as an orator, it was Daniel Webster himself.

One of his most noteworthy speeches, so far as its effects were concerned, was delivered in Syracuse, New York, soon after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, commanding the free States to return escaping bondsmen to their masters. It was deliberately prepared, as a chal-

lenge to all adversaries, and was uttered before a densely packed multitude in front of the City Hall. My own place was secured, by going early and waiting, close to the gaudy uniforms of the Citizens' Corps, drawn up in a double rank of honor to guard the speaker's stand. They were there, it was said, because their Captain was a Webster man, and so were most of the musketeers.

I shall never forget the personal presence of Webster. He did not seem to lack any of the supposable requirements of an orator. His voice was a marvel of power, control, and modulation. His manner for that occasion, however, was an exceedingly unfortunate element. There was a tremendous self-consciousness; an arrogance of position; an almost visible presence of the political power he represented; and an offensively haughty tone of assumed authority.

What a beginning it was! "Fel-low cit-i-zens of Syracuse and On-on-da-ga," so slowly syllabled, so ponderously commanding their attention to all that was to follow.

The Nation's greatest orator was there, and so was an extraordinary occasion. The latter had been, in part, created by him, he accepting responsibility for the law.

Which was to prove the greater?

The people did listen, but in an ominous silence which seemed to deepen, until a thrill like a wave went through the crowd when he said at last: "The Fugitive Slave Law will be enforced even in Syracuse, and even if the Abolition Convention shall be sitting here at the time."

It sounded like thunder, but it rolled and muttered and died away, and the great statesman retired from the stand. The occasion, like the orator, had been both great and strong. He had failed to master it. The soldiers marched away, but they were no longer Webster men. The crowd grumbled homeward, in a more or less uncertain state of mind. In due season, as he had predicted, the first fugitive slave arrested under the Act was purposely seized, by United States officials, in Syracuse, during the session of the Abolitionist Convention. Then the antagonism aroused by Webster's speech was instantly manifested. The very men he spoke to arose in angry opposition to the law. Perhaps the deepest impression made upon me at that time was by the sound beating I earned by my enthusiastic membership of the mob which rescued "Jerry" and sent him to Canada, while the military sulked in their houses.

That was indeed a great oratorical effort, for over it a great party stumbled into a ditch of division. The occasion had proved too much for the orator. In fact, he had failed to understand its nature, or even to discern that it was there.

Another great example, leaving out a long list of minor men, was Stephen A. Douglas, in his great "joint debates" with Abraham Lincoln in Illinois. Up to that time people generally knew hardly anything about Lincoln, while Douglas was decidedly the most prominent figure in National politics, and was considered a great orator. Outside of the throngs which gathered locally, it might be said that the whole Nation was listening to those debates. No doubt Mr. Douglas was an unusually good stump speaker, and he had repeatedly won laurels in the Senate, but my own impression of his oratory was one which would have been rebuked as presumptuous if it had been uttered then and there. His speeches were a disappointment. He seemed often out of temper with his hearers, and to throw away, manifestly, whatever there was of his opportunity, although, at the outset, the majorities were with him. Vastly more skillful was Mr. Lincoln's artful management in reply. Perhaps no one noticed, at once, how good-humoredly he assumed that the occasion, like his accustomed juries, belonged to him and not to Mr. Douglas. So, in successive debates, he captured it, and with it a host of voters who had never before agreed with him. I think no orator will be sure of exerting any effective, lasting influence upon his hearers if he neglects that secret of the best stump speaker, next to Henry Clay, that this country has produced. Lincoln succeeded at the precise line where Daniel Webster in Syracuse broke down. The one made a friend and the other made an enemy of the situation.

When, long years ago, the late President Raymond, of

Vassar College, was Professor of Rhetoric at Rochester University, he one day said to his class: "I wish you to go to Corinthian Hall this evening and hear Wendell Phillips. I am opposed to him politically, but he is the most perfect oratorical artist in this country."

We all went. The hall was thronged to the very platform steps. Not Lincoln himself could have more subtly, smilingly assumed that every man and woman before him was at heart in agreement with him. Not one in fifty of them were so—except for that evening—but they found themselves applauding vigorously, nevertheless. He took it for granted that any apparent opposition must be of the surface only, and kindly explained it away. In his later days he sometimes seemed to forget the fundamental principles of his art, and so sundry "occasions" turned against him.

The closing weeks of the Buchanan administration, January and February, 1861, witnessed a series of remarkable debates, of everlasting National and world-wide consequences, in the Senate and House of Representatives. Whatever might be nominally before them, the real subject was the civil war about to begin; the threatened dissolution of the Union; the blame for all that was past and the guilt for all which was yet to come. Many of the sessions lasted all night. So long as either house was in open session, I never left the Capitol, but tramped from one to the other according to the supposed oratorical attractions of the hour. Very generally the galleries were well filled, and often they were packed. They were so, almost painfully, on the night when Andrew Johnson, himself a Southerner, uttered his great response to the secessionist Senators, denouncing secession. He not only defined his own position and determined his own future career, but stirred, with extraordinary power, the hearts and minds of all who heard him. It seemed a masterpiece of oratory. The Senate itself listened breathlessly. The wedged-in masses in the galleries barely waited for the last word before they arose, men and women, with one fierce, throbbing, half-delirious impulse, to cheer for Andy Johnson and the Union. They hurled back derisive taunts at Vice-President Breckinridge, in the chair, when he ordered the galleries cleared and bade the Sergeant-at-Arms to make arrests. Was it not a great speech? Well, anybody can find it and read it now, in the files of the "Globe." No, there was not much in it, except that it voiced the occasion—seized, mastered, and expressed the situation. It was not even well delivered, for the speaker was an ungraceful and ungracious man—only that he boiled over with honest wrath, such as his hearers felt, and were unable to express except through him.

There were many examples to have been gained in the course of those debates, but not long afterwards I listened to one of the greatest "occasional addresses" ever delivered. It was Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural address. Once again a hearer's place was gained next to a double file of soldiers, but this time they stood at "parade rest" before a wooden platform on the eastern front of the Capitol at Washington. The crowd seemed to fill the great open space; eastward and front positions had been gained only by seizing them not long after sunrise.

The long waiting was well repaid, for I heard every word as it was uttered; but to this day neither I nor any other man who then heard, or who now reads, can separate that address from its occasion.

That is the perfect evidence of Lincoln's power. He was speaking to the crowd before him, to the whole Nation, to other nations, and to all future time. When he stepped forward upon the platform, he was about to take the oath as President, but with a black uncertainty surrounding him as to whether there would be any Nation to be President of. The United States seemed to be crumbling into disorderly fragments. The situation contained the seceding States and the armies of the Confederacy southward, and the half-hearted, wavering masses of the dismayed, unawakened North. He was in absolute accord with the requirements of his opportunity, however, and when his last pathetic utterances died away, across that sea of anxious faces, he had won, at the outset, as an

orator, the greatest battle of the Civil War. He had won it, also, as a general, by discerning and seizing the "key of the situation." His brief speech many months afterwards at the consecration of the Gettysburg Cemetery offers another striking example.

It was not many days before there was another speaker standing upon the same spot before a throng almost as large, discussing the swift changes which had already taken place since the inaugural, and predicting prophetically those which must surely follow. The Hon. Leonard Swett, of Illinois, had a very high reputation as an orator. He bore a marked personal resemblance to the President, his old friend and law associate, but he was only six feet high, or four inches shorter than Mr. Lincoln. He was somewhat less otherwise, but he made a remarkable address to his multitude of excited hearers. It was said to be "the greatest effort of his life," and so it may have been, for he could hardly ever have had a greater opportunity. In this speech there was first brought into politics the quotation from Revelation: "There will be 'blood to the horses' bridles.'" It was thrilling, indeed, but it was nevertheless disappointing, for the occasion proved to be greater than the orator, and got away from him, so that its escape was noticeable. One could half discern an idea that his voice was smothered in the roar of guns from the battles of which he was speaking, and which seemed so very near. The thoughts of men turned away to listen, and ceased to hear anything uttered upon the stand. Very likely no possible oratorical power could have held them.

One of the most touchingly eloquent speeches I ever heard was made at about that time by a man of whom it had been said: "General Scott is a great soldier, but he does not know how to make a speech." He had long been at the head of the army, but age had at last unfitted him for active duty, and the Civil War had come. On the occasion of his turning over the command to General McClellan and retiring, many hundreds of us, with a band, went and serenaded him at his boarding-house on Seventh Street, and he spoke to us from the steps. What he said was admirable, and it read well afterwards. It was like a last will and testament, trying to make us the heirs of his unfaltering patriotism. Every man felt it deeply, but a great deal of its effect would have been lost but for what some would call the "theatrical properties" which surrounded the bent form of the old hero that starlit evening, with the camps he spoke about so close at hand. There were field-batteries posted only two squares away, and there were volunteers marching down the nearest avenue to cross the Potomac into Virginia. He had seen, he said, his last field of battle—he had seen many. God only knew what we were to see. His work was done. Ours was before us. Not many who heard him failed to enter the ranks pretty promptly in one way or another.

Must a man, then, wait in hope for the coming of some occasion which will transform him into an orator, and enable him to carry his excited hearers along with him by virtue of some force of circumstances altogether outside of himself, but subject to his management?

No; I think that is not the correct deduction, referring to Daniel Webster's rescue of Jerry, the fugitive slave, and to the tremendous lift given to Lincoln and the anti-slavery movement by the use made of his opportunities in debate by Stephen A. Douglas. Both Webster and Douglas so managed the occasions given them, or sought by them, as to produce effects opposite to what they intended.

Moreover, is there any audience, anywhere, which does not contain an opportunity, if the man who is to address it is himself a part of that opportunity, as Lincoln so often was? Do not some of our living preachers succeed, or fail, with direct reference to their faculty for discovering what the occasion before them really is? Is not such a discovery closely akin to the actual creation of an opportunity, and can it not be accomplished with a near approach to certainty?



Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks; they are the summits of ranges.—*T. W. Higginson.*

Cleveland's Reformed Police Force

By Arthur Reed Kimball

It is noteworthy that, on the eve of the recent fiercely contested mayoralty election in Chicago, the "Herald" of that city, its leading Democratic newspaper, should have come out with a long account of the model, non-political police system of Cleveland, and with an editorial commending the Cleveland system to the careful attention of its Chicago readers. This commendatory editorial starts with the statement: "The absolute elimination of politics from police in our cities has been the hope of all good citizens everywhere." This is a significant admission from a strong party paper of a truth that must have been forced upon it by local experience. The party strength that lies in a politically debauched police force is attested by the fact that, as soon as Dr. Parkhurst's campaign began to bear practical fruit in the indictment of a police captain and in a spasm of police virtue called "a shake-up," the sensitiveness of Tammany, touched in its tenderest spot, responded in a long defense from the silent man who is Tammany's czar. The general interest recently aroused in the question of municipal reform may well be directed to this question of police control as a crucial one in achieving success.

The story of Cleveland's experiment in divorcing its police management from politics antedates by five years the departure of that city in adopting "the federal plan" of city government. According to the Chicago "Herald" article above referred to—from which the facts here given are condensed—it was when George W. Gardner was elected Mayor of Cleveland in 1885 that the first practical test was made of a non-partisan police force. Mr. Gardner had previously served in the City Council for twelve years, and was thoroughly familiar with city affairs and needs. He inaugurated a new set of rules to govern the selection of applicants for places on the police force—rules intended to insure the choice of men by merit and not by political "pull." He also made it one of the first rules he put in force that a policeman should be removed only on conviction upon specified charges, after an open trial. Mayor Gardner thus struck two blows at political domination of the Cleveland police force: one hampered politicians in securing a place for a "henchman," the other prevented politicians from securing removals on merely political grounds.

The way was thus opened for the perfection of the system when Cleveland adopted "the federal plan" of city government. By this plan, it will be remembered, the twenty-odd boards and commissions before existing were replaced by a single board composed of six heads (or "directors") of departments, which single board must review and pass any appropriation voted by the Common Council before such appropriation went to the Mayor for his assent or veto. One of these six "directors" is the head of the police department, and, as the statute reads, this "director" "shall appoint the superintendent of the police force, and, within the limit prescribed by the Council, such other officers and patrolmen as in his opinion the public interests require," "under and in pursuance of rules and regulations providing for the ascertaining of the comparative fitness of all applicants for appointment or promotion by a systematic, open, and competitive examination of such applicants."

These rules provide for a physical examination of applicants by a non-partisan board, a test of intelligence in the "three R's," and of knowledge of the ordinary statutes and of the streets of Cleveland by another board, and a guarantee of good character and habits from citizens who are personal acquaintances. A new man must serve on probation for six months before the place becomes permanently his, practically for life or during good behavior. He is pensioned when disabled or superannuated, and his family is cared for. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Pinkertons are practically barred from securing places on the force. Promotion to all grades except that of superintendent is made on similar regulations to those of the

United States Army. No police officer can be removed or reduced in rank "except for cause, to be assigned in writing after due notice, and on a public hearing, if demanded by the accused." The charges for which a police officer may be disciplined—not necessarily removed—include all kinds of offenses, from indecent or profane language to a neglect in paying his just debts for necessities while on the force. The political "pull" is made powerless by this rule:

"Any applicant for promotion causing any person to interfere or make solicitation in his behalf to the director of police, or to any examining officer, personally or by letter or petition, shall be reported to the director of police, and his application denied."

The verdict on the success of the system can best be given in the words of the Chicago "Herald's" editorial: "This police reform has now been in successful operation in Cleveland for three years [dating from the time "the federal plan" was adopted], and has consequently passed the experimental stage. If there is any defect in the system, it has not yet been discovered. There may possibly be a question about the applicability of that system to a metropolitan city like Chicago, but it would seem that the theory is correct, and that only such modifications would be necessary anywhere as changed conditions should dictate."



The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc.
(Begun in *The Outlook* for July 1.)

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE LADY'S DOLE

"I'll do it," said Count Rexelaer aloud. "I ought to have done it before. But I was always too good-natured."

A couple of hours later Notary Strum, at work in his office, received a telegraphic message summoning him to My Lord of Deynum's presence by eleven on the morrow morning.

He rose from his desk with a growl and lumbered across the little entrance-hall to the room where his mother sat knitting, as ever.

"Here's a telegram," said Nicholas. "Order from Pacha to come up to town to-morrow. Never mind rain, hail, wind, or snow. Pacha says: 'Come. I whistled.'"

"Oh, Nicholas, with your chill!" said the old woman, and laid down her work.

"Yes, *with* my chill!" retorted Nicholas. "I couldn't well go without."

"I suppose you must," said the widow, thoughtfully. "You see, his Excellency doesn't know you are indisposed. And it is a great privilege for you to act as the confidential adviser of so magnificent a patron, Nicky."

"Magnificent" is the word," replied Nicky, and went back to his office, banging the door.

All these years mother and son had jogged on side by side, or rather son a-top. "A wife and children would cost me a second servant," reasoned the notary. "Mother looks after me and the maid." But her company was not only convenience and complacency; for she had a maddening way of ignoring—from incompetency to comprehend them—all the dear fellow's favorite fads of thought and expression, and, having lived her whole life in submission to God, the priest, and the gentlefolks, she could not remember that Nicholas believed, or said he believed, in the Almighty but vaguely, in her other divinities not at all. She would gladly have sacrificed her life for her son—in fact, she did so, in a long-drawn daily sacrifice—but she was incapable of sparing him her old-fashioned utterances, from which he vainly fled. If he grew ironical, she took him in earnest. If he flew out at her, she would meekly cite his father. Nicholas quoted his father at the clients, not to himself.

When Nicholas started next morning at daybreak, he was safely wrapped up and galoshed and comfortered, and

his mother came running after him, in the cold, with pocket-handkerchiefs and lozenges, of which he had already procured a supply. He sent her back with a growl.

He had the pleasure of traveling all the way to the Hague with a man who lamented "the decrease of deference in social relations." He bore this with the fierce silence on which he had long nourished his spites and discontents. "No use quarreling," he would tell himself, "with one's bread and butter because the butter's bad."

His "magnificent patron" received him with unusual friendliness, even thanking him for coming. "I wonder what he wants," thought Strum.

Count Rexelaer immediately proceeded to enlighten him. "Strum, I am going to do it," said his Excellency, in his hasty way. "I mean, about 'the Lady's Dole.' You were quite right. I ought never to have allowed them to settle again in Deynum."

The Notary's heart leapt within him. He forgot all about the cold or the discomfort of coming. For years he had vainly been endeavoring to convince Count Rexelaer, and now that fine gentleman, just like a fine gentleman, sent for him, in the middle of winter, to say: "I am convinced!" No matter; he would be avenged on his enemy at last.

"I am greatly relieved," he said, blinking cheerfully behind his glasses. "Your Excellency knows with what increasing compunction I have paid the annual installments where they were no longer due." In his heart he wondered: What has happened to set his Excellency still more against the Baron?

"Of course I knew that your view was the only correct one," replied Count Rexelaer, coldly. "But from charity—pure charity—I declined to enforce it. Had the Baron seen fit to show that reserve which I had a right to expect from a gentleman, instead of assuming from the first an attitude which I may well call aggressive—" He paused and looked at Strum.

"Just so," said the Notary, in sullen obedience, cracking his huge finger-joints.

"Just so," repeated his Excellency. "He has developed among the villagers the spirit of faction; he has openly opposed me on every occasion. I have borne it all in a magnanimous spirit, for I cannot bear striking a man when he's down. But at last our position has become quite untenable. One of us must go. Write him a letter to say that the money will no longer be paid."

Strum drew himself up eagerly, with one of his uncouth jerks; his speckled face was bright with exultation. "I could write it here," he said, "and let your Excellency see it."

"There is no such hurry. But you will find pen and ink on yonder table."

The Notary availed himself of the permission. "I wonder what has done it," he repeated. "Surely not that mass on the anniversary of the death of the Baron's mother which they say he was so angry about."

It was but a straw which had caused Count Rexelaer's long-gathering resentment to brim over. True, the Baron's majority at a re-election had been over a hundred; Father Bulbius, embittered by Veronica's increasing perversity, had taken to preaching distinctly polemical sermons, and such of the country gentry as remained still untouched by the corruption of the Hague had increased, since his Excellency's appointment, in invidious cordiality to his rival. For all these things Count Rexelaer hated—secretly, nervously, deeply, according to his character—Deynum, its Baron, and its surroundings. Now that he had, not one foot in the stirrup, but both hands on the bridle, he resolved to hit back. Oh, the delightful feeling! Not even life-long cringing can teach the worm not to turn.

Still, he waited for the last little something. It took the shape of a letter from the Baroness Borck of Rollingen to her cousin Elizabeth, containing the information that a widespread conviction was obtaining in the neighborhood that all difficulties would be ultimately set right by a marriage between Wendela and Reinout. Ridiculous as the idea might be, it had commended itself to the country people as a definite "restitution." "No need to inquire who

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first started it," wrote the Baroness of Rollingen. "This is just like their scheming Jesuitical ways"—the lady here thought fit to ignore the engagement to Christina Kops, "a disgusting affair altogether"—"but I should be curious to know, though we shall never do that, in how far your nephew, by his conduct, may have given to the story a semblance of foundation."

It was this last sentence which had set Count Rexelaer thinking, for, of course, Mevrouw Elizabeth had shown him the letter. He himself had been struck by the appearance of that tall, dark girl the day she came up to the Castle. He believed his son to be a great admirer of the weaker sex; why else these prolonged disappearances from home? Well, he had taken him behind the scenes himself, and was the last man to object to a measure of dissipation.

But Wendela?—that was another matter. Dull as Deynum undoubtedly was, notwithstanding the numerous guests at the Castle, young twenty must be taught to distinguish. That was why fathers were created older than their sons.

The Baron van Rexelaer had been to see Lise and her three sturdy children. The old Squire enjoyed sitting of evenings with Farmer Driest by the kitchen hearth or on the bench outside the farm-house; they were contemporaries, and had in common a long life of insignificant little all-important country-experiences. They could talk of these for hours, in the quiet gloaming, over their solemn pipes, while the dear music of the lowing cattle fell soft upon the farmer's ears from the winter stables or the summer fields.

The Baron would talk on, in leisurely accents, about Deynum, Deynum, Deynum. The farmers and their children and their morals and their cows and their difficulties and their quarrels, and all their financial ins and outs, and a further infinity of "ands." His whole little universe of Deynum. Driest, on his side, would carry on the conversation with that mixture of deference and independence in which the Dutch peasant excels.

But perhaps the Baron liked playing with the children even better. He was foolishly fond of "babies," and grandchildren of his own he had none. The wee bits of humanity at the Farm adored him. Yes, he had many compensations.

He kept thinking of these during his trudge along the frost-broken lanes. Like many men whose troubles are very real, he loved to look upon the brighter side. He was far better off than he had any right to be. For his conscience reproached him still.

Some children were trying to slide in the slush. They nudged each other, and jerked their caps. For "Mynheer" was the tangible Presence; the other, up at the Castle, could only be an August Name.

Veronica came round from behind the wall of the Parsonage, dragging a basket of peat.

"Good-day, Veronica. How is his Reverence?" said the Baron, amiably.

"Poorly," replied Veronica. "He can't stand the draughts of this house."

"Dear me, I am sorry to hear that."—"Ah, I should think so," muttered Veronica.—"I wonder whether I could go in to him for a moment?"

"I suppose you may," replied the housekeeper, ungraciously. "He won't keep as quiet as I want him to."

"Ah, you let him have quiet?" said the Baron; even the mildest of men like their morsel of malice at times. Baron Rexelaer was perfectly aware that Veronica proclaimed him, whenever she dared, a spoiler of other men's goods. He had turned her meek priest out of house and home; worse than that, he had appropriated the small square of oilcloth she had left in her kitchen—a square bought with her own earnings some twenty years ago. That unconscionable, and unconscious, confiscation of oilcloth formed a grievance still greater than the loss of the whole of the former Parsonage.

The Baron knocked briskly at the living-room door. "I don't want anything," cried Bulbius in querulous reply. He turned a slow head in his arm-chair by the fire, and

pushed back the bowl at his side, which had evidently contained some unpalatable form of slop. Veronica had half a dozen mildewed health-dicta, which she revered like Gospel truths. "Starve a cold" was one of them. The Father would sometimes buy biscuits, but these grew terribly stale in their paper bag. And he rejoiced that Veronica had not as yet discovered the bottle in the cupboard, nor the two glasses, which he *never washed*.

"You coddle yourself, Bulbius," said the Baron, bluntly. He had barely felt illness himself, and could not comprehend it unless, as in his wife's case, it assumed a visible form.

"I am not robust like your Nobleness," pleaded Bulbius. "You see, I am too stout."

"I do," said the Baron.

"But what is a poor creature to do?"

"Gymnastics," said the Baron.

Father Bulbius spread out his vast body, which looked still more mountainous under his shawl.

"The rope would break," he said, helplessly.

"There are other things besides the trapèze. You might try a ten-mile walk. But there; when a man has once made up his mind to die of apoplexy, no one can stop him. He must just have his way."

"But I don't want to die," protested the Father, piteously. "Neither of heat in the head, as you now predict, nor of cold in the feet, as Veronica prophesies. There's the postman, Baron. Shall we have him in?" And he rapped his fat forefinger against the window-pane.

Yes, there was a letter for Mynheer the Baron. It was Strum's letter. The old gentleman looked down at it, as it lay in his hand, with a quick presentiment of coming ill. Yet it was eight years now since he had been in the habit of watching for misfortune per post. He opened the envelope leisurely and took out the inclosure. And, having read it carefully through, he laid it down on the table.

"God is strong," he said aloud, and nothing else. His voice was unbroken.

Yet its calm, deep passion frightened the priest. "What is it, dear Baron?" he queried, anxiously. "Nothing amiss, I hope?"

"Oh no, nothing amiss," replied the Baron van Rexelaer. He talked for a few moments of other things—the weather, the village school—and then he rose and departed. But his steps trembled under him, as he vainly tried to steady them.

The Lady's Dole, it will be remembered, was a fund which a seventeenth-century Baron van Rexelaer had instituted by settlements assigning the annual interest to "the Spouse of the Lord of the Manor, as long as the Lord of the Manor shall be a Van Rexelaer." The words of the deed did not stipulate descent from the donor; the money was to revert to the last lady of Deynum or her heirs. The notary of the place was perpetual trustee.

Immediately on the acquisition of the estate by Count Rexelaer, Strum, his intellect sharpened by hate, had pointed out to that gentleman that henceforth the Countess Margherita alone was entitled to the annual payment of the appanage, she being the "spouse of the Rexelaer van Deynum." But the Count had repudiated this suggestion with disgust, even after the return of the other had so seriously disconcerted him. Gently, though vainly, the Notary persisted. Times change and opinions work round. One evening his Excellency telegraphed.

The Baron, walking home with Strum's letter in his pocket, refused to believe the incredible. He knew well enough, none better, that there was not a drop of his ancestors' blood in the veins of the Rexelaers van Deynum. "It is mere intimidation, for some object of their own," he thought, and, without mentioning the matter to wife or daughter, he, next morning early, sought out the Notary.

The office door was still closed when he arrived, but, as he stood knocking and scraping, it was opened by old Mrs. Strum, who immediately dropped into a succession of curtsies. "Walk in, Mynheer the Baron," she began, in awestruck tones; "I hasten to inform my son. It is long since your Nobleness accorded us the honor of a visit."

And, pushing forward her own easy chair—the room was manifestly a niggard's—she hustled away to find Nicholas.

"Show him into the waiting-room," said Nicholas.

"Nicky! The Baron!"

"Show him in, do you hear? Say I am engaged."

"Nicholas, your father would never have approved of that."

"Why didn't you go with my father, then, if you can't manage without him? Do as I say." And this hater of tyrants, who called Count Rexelaer "the Pacha," pointed with the tip of his quill to the door.

The old lady turned away with a sigh. "Your Nobleness will be more comfortable here," she said, leading the way. "It is so hot in the sitting-room." The Baron, utterly indifferent, sat down.

Twenty minutes' wait ensued, during which two peasants came in, who, seeing their former lord, remained standing. One was an old man. "Sit down, sit down," said the Baron. Strum's clerk bent scribbling by the window, his fingers blue with cold.

At last a bell rang in the inner room. As the clerk put his head through the door, Strum's voice was heard saying: "Mynheer Rexelaer."

"Please to walk in, Mynheer the Baron," said the clerk, standing deferentially aside. A faint flush of color crept over the old gentleman's wan cheeks.

"Good morning, Mynheer; take a seat," said Strum, and continued his writing for the tenth of a minute. Then he looked up. "Well," he said.

"I have received a letter from you, Strum," said the Baron. "I should wish to know what it means."

"What it says," replied Strum.

"I should like to know what is the object of the threat it contains."

"No other object than the threat itself, which is not a threat, but a notification."

"In other words, I am to understand that it is your unalterable resolve to substitute the Countess Rexelaer for my wife as recipient of the Lady's Dole?"

"My unalterable resolve. What else can I do? My movements in this matter are dependent on the Count's generosity. Excuse my saying, Mynheer the Baron, that you have been living all these years upon his bounty."

"I—on his bounty!" stammered the Baron.

"Undeniably." Strum cracked his thumbs for pleasure. Yet he could not quite overcome the tendency to lapse into civility. He brought himself to with a jerk.

"A Notary's duty is seldom doubtful," he added, "as my dead father used to say."

"Ah, leave me in peace with your dead father!" burst out the Baron. "God grant he rest quiet in his grave!"

Strum passed his great hand through his untidy hair. He looked like a beaten school-boy as he joined his splay feet. "I am very busy this morning," he murmured, "and if there is nothing else—"

"Once more, the money will not be paid next month?" queried the Baron, anxiously, despite his efforts at self-control. "It will never be paid again?"

"No, for it cannot be. It is claimed by the owner."

"You know perfectly well that only the testator's own family is meant. You, the descendant of the Notary who drew up the deed."

"The deed does not say so. I have no opportunity of consulting my ancestor."

"It is starvation," groaned the Baron, breaking down for one moment. "What object have you in taking the bread from our mouths?"

A suppressed gleam of triumph played behind the Notary's spectacles. "I am only doing my duty," he said. "Once before, when I was doing my duty, you struck me, Baron Rexelaer."

"I know it," replied the Baron. "I was not sorrier then than now."

Strum got up, and faced his former patron. "I also regret it," he said. He opened the door into the waiting-room.

"No, Mynheer the Baron," he continued, raising his voice, "I cannot give you that money, because it is not mine to give."

The old gentleman eyed the big lout before him with gentle scorn. "I will not tell my friends," he said, in a low voice. "It would ruin you."

The Notary's mottled face twitched nervously; and though his attitude remained the same, yet his whole personality seemed to collapse. "I—I am nowise afraid, Mynheer," he stuttered. "I feel that, whatever my duty—"

"Did you not hear me say I would not tell?" asked the Baron, and he passed out through the well-filled anteroom, under a cross-fire of curious eyes.

Mother Strum stood curtsying at her window. For a moment the wild impulse shook him to claim her help. Then he recognized the hopelessness of such humiliation, and smilingly took off his hat.

As he passed the Parsonage, he heard Veronica's voice intoning her only song—lame of rhyme and of reason:

A fair, a merry maid was I,
With dancing step and laughing eye!

"She may be back sooner in the old place than she expects," he thought.

Suddenly he found himself in his own sitting-room. "Wherever have you been so early?" asked Wendela. He tried to answer her. To his astonishment he could not. The room was clouding over and twisting round. He reeled forward to steady himself, and fell with a dull thud on the floor.

The Baroness, unable to assist him, shrieked once and then sat still, with trembling lips. Wendela had sprung forward. "It is only a fainting-fit," she said. "Only the sudden coming into the heat;" and she strove to restore her father to consciousness. "O mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" repeated the Baroness, folding her useless hands. With her the words were no vain ejaculation, but a prayer.

CHAPTER L.

NEW SCENES AND OLD FACES

When the Baron was "fully recovered" from his stroke, even the Baroness noticed the change in him. She herself, poor lady, was now become a constant sufferer, with little to do but to watch the slow ascent of her gout. Her head was growing feeble; she could be utterly broken-down at times, and querulous. And Wendela, the headstrong, the impatient, "born to conquer her fate," sat humbled in this school of suffering. The actual physical sickness commanded and obtained her helpful sympathy. She could speak of it, readily, for here was no one's fault but God's. "If any one has blundered," said the skeptical girl, "it must be mother's saints."

To her father also she was good; almost happy, in his weakness, to show him a tenderness free from reproach. But the Baron rebelled against himself. "Face the enemy!" he repeated, and he tried to do it with his stiffened leg. This seizure was nothing, he said. Had he not had a similar, if slighter, one many years ago on the evening when the Marquis had found him? He was well, for he had no time to be ill.

It was true that he had no time. The three weeks sped on rapidly to the first of March; on that day the "Dole" fell due. As the hours wore on without bringing the accustomed packet, the Baron, still very partially recovered, grew more and more restless; he shut himself up, foodless, in his room, and sat staring at the inevitable end. Yet at nightfall his very desperation roused him. He wrote a hurried note, after lengthy inspection of that part of the newspaper which he had not glanced at for years, and sent Gustave to the post with it. The old servant shook his head over the superscription. And the Baron lay awake all night, alternately building up dreams of daily bread (no longer of prosperity) and debating with himself whether he should not telegraph a recall at dawn. Why should he? Failure could not make matters much worse, and success was become a necessity.

He trusted to his wife's now almost ceaseless orisons and bead-countings, although these were never for temporal salvation. The Baroness, stiffening in her chair, in a little

alcove of crucifixes, images, and invocations, was rapidly becoming "dévoté," dead already, but for her physical pains and her still active charity, a white, worn shadow. She would ask for her poor to come and see her—hers by the mastery of hearts; she knew them well: the respectable, the disreputable, the professional, the needy that are ashamed, and she sent Wendela among them with creature comforts; the spiritual fared but ill at that young lady's hands. Once the daughter, after long impatience, interrupted her mother's monotonous mumbling. "Are *you* happy, Mamma!" she asked abruptly. "No," whispered the Baroness, her pale eyes uplifted, as ever, to the solemn dying Christ. The girl went up to her room, and threw herself down in a passion of weeping, her eyes averted, long after, in dull, rebellious thought, from that great Sufferer who had watched her slumbers ever since she was a cradled babe.

She rose at last to get her father his beaten-up egg. Wendela Rexelaer was a thoroughly incompetent housekeeper, and naturally hated both her incompetency and its object. She stopped to inquire at the Baron's door, almost hoping that he would refuse; the mess was such a weariness to make. "Oh, no, I don't want it," called the Baron's feeble voice. She went into the kitchen, and dutifully prepared it. And he swallowed it without complaint.

[To be continued]



The Spectator

The French Academy has recently proposed a batch of reforms and changes in French orthography, and it is announced that "the alterations are to go into force immediately. Grammarians, dictionary-compilers, and printers will be busy making corrections." It seems remarkable that even so venerated a body as the "Forty Immortals" can exercise such authority over the language of their country. English orthography undoubtedly changes from age to age, but it is only by imperceptible degrees and despite strenuous opposition. It has taken fifty years to accomplish so simple a change as the dropping of the useless "u" from "labour" and "candour" in this country, and even now the old spelling is frequently retained in American-printed books; it will probably take fifty years more to make "filosofer" even occasional. Men usually hate to unsettle the habits of a lifetime; and it is very strange that any modern people should be so docile as to accept with unanimity the changes promulgated by a self-constituted committee in so vital a matter as its written language.

Sailors are almost the only class of workingmen who have considerable sums of money to spend on pay-day. In a jewelry-shop recently the Spectator was reminded of this economic fact. A jolly tar was buying himself a watch. The price was forty dollars. Jack bought the watch without any higgling, and carelessly threw down a twenty-dollar bill. The jeweler pointed out the deficiency. "Oh!" was the remark, "I didn't know I had that; I'm so much in." And he fished another bill out of a greasy wallet and threw it on the showcase. It was a fifty. The Spectator sighed as he thought of the probable destination, before another morning, of all those hard-earned dollars, the result of many months of perilous toil.

An employing printer recently related a curiously suggestive experience to the Spectator. He advertised for a "first-class proof-reader," and had answers sent to the address "Nonpareil." Of the twenty-one replies received, four were addressed to "Nonpareil," and one to "Nonparell." When it is remembered that one of the elementary and indispensable qualifications of a proof-reader is accuracy in spelling, the humor of such applications must be evident to every one but the applicants—they probably have no room for such a sentiment.

Observers agree that the Chinese and Japanese have remarkable powers of imitation. These powers, however, seem to be chiefly manual. For instance, they quickly acquire a good handwriting, but frequently make the most extraordinary blun-

ders with our language. There lies before the Spectator the letter of a firm of Japanese merchants, written in a free, bold hand, with a "practiced" look. The grammar is also free and bold, but, fortunately, it is of a kind not often "practiced." The letter apologizes for delay in the delivery of goods, as follows: "... We presumed at that time of your purchase we could surely forward the goods, but U. S. Custom rule concerning management of Fair Exhibits changed every minutes as you observe from newspaper. We regret that the vase which you made purchase of us is in delay to deliver untill today. ..." "Tariff-tinkerers" and anti-"tariff-tinkerers" will both probably agree with the opinion so happily expressed by this Japanese observer of our politics, that, whether we have duties for revenue only or duties for protection, "U. S. Custom rule" ought not to be "changed every minutes."

The Boston "Evening Transcript" strikingly contrasts the work for which a railroad pays \$2 per day and that for which a coal-dealer pays the same sum. The railroad employee described is suburban station agent, freight clerk, ticket-seller, switch inspector, telegraph operator, and order clerk, and is more or less responsible for the safety of the hundred and sixty trains that pass his station every day. He keeps accounts, looks after freight-cars and way-bills, and works sometimes from early morning till 11:40 P.M., and part of Sunday as well. The other man shovels coal for nine hours a day and then goes home. The moral which The Spectator draws from these facts is not that the coal-shoveler gets too much for his hard manual labor, but that the railroad cannot hire the right kind of man to do such work for such wages; and that if it can, it ought not to.

In the breast of the most peaceful man there is a latent love of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," waiting to be evoked by martial sights and sounds. A midnight visit, a few weeks ago, to El Cid, the steamer recently fitted out in New York City as a cruiser by the Brazilian Government, was calculated to call forth this atavistic love of combat. The walk through the deserted streets, deep-wrapped in darkness, near the river, the watchman's challenge, the sudden fierce irradiation of the electric lights, the scores of hustling workmen beating plowshares into swords and pruning-hooks into spears, the prow through the vast underground regions of a great steamship soon to throb with the potencies of war—these things are sufficiently stirring to the imagination of a landsman to make him understand the feeling of Mark Twain as a boy—that, "if he were very good indeed, Providence might permit him some day to be a pirate"! Fortunately, however, these are days when this feeling can find satisfaction in the reading of really good stories of adventure. It is only the readers of the "penny-dreadful" trash who fail of this satisfaction, and who must actually imitate their heroes to quench their thirst for piracy.

An anecdote recently told to the Spectator by a friend throws some light on the psychology of "bossism." It seems strange that one man, not holding any political office, can acquire unquestioned control over thousands of office-holders who are under no legal obligation to the "boss." This is the way one of them binds his friends to him with hooks of steel: He has a very plainly furnished office, with no red tape around the entrance. Into this office came a workingman of the humblest type—perhaps a street digger—with a letter in his hand. He approached the great man with much trepidation. The "boss" at once broke off his conversation with another politician, shook hands with the newcomer, placed a chair for him at his elbow, carefully opened the letter, and read it very slowly, speaking now and then in a whisper to the man, who had probably never before in his life been treated so politely. Having finally read the letter, this astute student of human nature replaced it in the envelope, wrote his initials on the back, and handed it to the digger, saying, "You give that to Billy —, tell him I sent you, and he'll do what he can for you." And he bowed the humble citizen out, having won another lifelong follower of "bossism." Verily the children of light might sometimes take a lesson from the children of this world in the domain of "practical politics."

The Home

Guests

By Agnes Repplier

A very charming and vivacious old lady, who had spent most of her early life in the country, once said to me that the keenest pleasure of her childhood was the occasional arrival of her mother's guests; the keenest regret, their inevitable and too speedy departure. "They seldom stayed more than a fortnight," she observed, plaintively; "though now and then some cousins prolonged their visits for another week. What I most enjoyed on these occasions was the increased urbanity of my own family. Annoyances were disregarded, our somewhat precarious behavior was overlooked, conversation took an agreeable turn, and a delightful air of cheerfulness and good humor pervaded the entire household. It seemed to my infant eyes that life would be a matter of flawless enjoyment if we could only have visitors always in the house."

A little of this frankly expressed sentiment will find an echo in many hearts, and perhaps awaken some pangs of conscience on the way. It is the restraint we put upon ourselves, the honest effort we make at amiability, which renders social intercourse possible and pleasant. When the restraint grows irksome, the amiability a burden, we pay to those we love best on earth the dubious compliment of being perfectly natural in their company. "What is the use of having a family if you cannot be disagreeable in the bosom of it?" was the explicit acknowledgment I once overheard of a service which seldom meets with such clear and candid recognition. Hazlitt himself could have given no plainer expression to a thought which few of us would care to trick out in all the undisguised sincerity of language.

Guests are the delight of leisure and the solace of ennui. It is the steady and merciless increase of occupations, the augmented speed at which we are always trying to live, the crowding of each day with more work and amusement than it can profitably hold, which have cost us, among other good things, the undisturbed enjoyment of our friends. Friendship takes time, and we have no time to give it. We have to go to so many teas, and lectures, and committee meetings; we have taken up so many interesting and exacting careers; we have assumed so many duties and responsibilities, that there is not a spare corner in our lives which we are free to fill up as we please. Society, philanthropy, and culture divide our waking hours. Defrauded friendship gets a few moments now and again, and is bidden to content itself, and please not to be troublesome any more. I once rashly asked a girl of twenty if she saw a great deal of a young married woman whom she had just declared to be her dearest and most cherished friend. "I never see her at all," was the satisfied answer, "except by chance, at a tea or a club meeting. We live so very far apart, as you know. *It would take the heart of an afternoon to try and make her a visit.*"

Now, to understand the charm of leisurely and sympathetic intercourse we should read the letters of Mme. de Sévigné; to appreciate the resources of ennui we should read the novels of Jane Austen. With Mme. de Sévigné guests were not useful as an alleviation of boredom; they were valuable because they added to the interest, the beauty, and the zest of life. It never occurred to this charming Frenchwoman, or to her contemporaries, that time could be better spent than in entertaining or being entertained by friends. Conversation was not then small coin, to be paid out hastily like car-fare, merely in order to get from one necessary topic to another. It was the golden mean through which a generous regard, a graceful courtesy, or a sparkling wit lent beauty and distinction to every hour of intercourse. A little group of friends in a quiet countryside, with none of the robust diversions of English rural life: it has a sleepy sound; yet such was the pleasure-giving power of hostess and of guest that this leisurely companionship was fraught with fine delight; and its fruits are our inheritance to-day, lingering for us in the

pages of those matchless letters from which time can never steal the charm.

It is Miss Austen, however, who, with relentless candor, has shown us how usefully guests may be employed as an antidote for the ennui of intellectual vacuity. They are the chosen relief for that direful dullness which country gentlemen like Sir John Middleton experience from lack of occupation and ideas; they are the solace of sickly, uninteresting women who desire some one to share with them the monotonous current of existence. The Middletons, we are assured, "lived in a style of equal hospitality and elegance. They were scarcely ever without some friends staying with them in the house, and they kept more company of every kind than any other family in the neighborhood." This indulgence, it appears, while equally welcome to host and hostess, was more necessary to Sir John's happiness than to his wife's; for she at least possessed one other source of continual and unflagging diversion. "Sir John was a sportsman, Lady Middleton a mother. He hunted and shot, and she humored her children; and these were their only resources. Lady Middleton, however, had the advantage of being able to spoil her children all the year round, while Sir John's independent employments were in existence only half the time."

Guests play an important part in Miss Austen's novels, as they did in Miss Austen's life and in the lives of all the hospitable country-people of her time. Moreover, the visits her heroines and their friends pay are not little trifling modern affairs of a few days or a week. Distances counted for something when they had to be traveled in a carriage or a post-chaise; and when people came to see their friends in that fashion, they came to stay. Elizabeth Bennet and Maria Lucas spend six weeks with Charlotte Collins; and Lady Catherine, it will be remembered, does not at all approve of their returning home so quickly. "I expected you to stay two months," she says, severely—they are not her guests at all—"I told Mrs. Collins so, before you came. There can be no occasion for your going so soon." Eleanor and Marianne Dashwood begin their visit to Mrs. Jennings the first week of January, and it is April before we find them setting forth on their return. Anne Elliot goes to Uppercross for two months, though the only inducement offered her is Mary Musgrove's prophetic remark that she does not expect to have a day's health all autumn; and her only pastime as a visitor appears to be the somewhat dubious diversion of making herself generally useful.

It is a far cry from our busy age to either Miss Austen or Mme. de Sévigné. The bounteous resources of a highly cultivated leisure have never been very clearly understood by the English-speaking race. The alleviations of inactivity and *ennui* are no longer with us a rigorous necessity. Our vices and our virtues conspire to defraud us of that charming and sustained social intercourse which is possible only when we have the undisturbed possession of our friends; when we are so happy as to be sheltered under the same roof, to pursue the same occupations, to enjoy the same pleasures, to exchange thoughts and sentiments with entire freedom and familiarity. "I cannot afford to speak much to my friend," says Emerson, meaning that it is a privilege he neither values nor desires. We cannot afford to speak much to our friends, though we may desire it with our whole hearts, because we have been foolish enough to persuade ourselves that we have other and better things to do.



Is it Practicable?

A banker of whom the questions were asked, "Would it not be possible for a man to make a good living by keeping the books of philanthropic and charitable organizations whose volume of business did not justify keeping a private bookkeeper?" "Is it not true that the trouble and annoyance to which many societies are subjected are due to the ignorance of the treasurers of bookkeeping?" answered: "Without doubt, many complications that closely ap-

proach disaster do arise from the peculiar methods of bookkeeping followed by amateur bookkeepers managing the affairs of small organizations. And why not? The treasurers are almost always untrained."

It seems perfectly feasible for a trained bookkeeper to keep the books and bank accounts of small organizations. Bills could be "O. K.'d" by the proper committee or person of each organization, and sent to the office of the professional bookkeeper and accountant, who should be authorized to send out the checks. A small percentage on the volume of business would meet the expense, and the organization could at its business meetings have the treasurer's statement put so concisely and professionally as to be easily understood. Where the treasurers of organizations are men, they are usually business men greatly overworked; the toil of keeping a set of books is as arduous and complicated for an organization the income of which is \$5,000 a year as it is for one the income of which is \$50,000 a year. Sometimes it is impossible, with the stress of private business when men are the treasurers, with the complications that come from housekeeping and a family where women are the treasurers, to keep the books up to date, and the advantage of having professional bookkeepers whose business it is to keep the books, as all bookkeeping books should be kept, posted to date, would certainly keep the business affairs of many organizations much more businesslike than they are at present. An influential man or woman might act as treasurer, and be responsible for the moneys, but the work could be done by a professional. This method would have the advantage of securing valuable names for these officers which cannot be obtained now because of a knowledge of the absolute drudgery the position involves. Eliminate this, and the intelligence and indorsement of men and women needed to give confidence and stability to organizations could be secured.



A Novel Club

By W. S. Collins

At the present day a good many young people are afflicted with the desire to be authors, but do not know just how to put their literary talent in use, or else they lack the stimulus which would set their pens at work. To such, and to any persons willing to do a little work in the way of imaginative writing, I would suggest the formation of a Novel Club on the following lines, which have proved successful in two Novel Clubs, of which I have been a member, in different places. Each club not only furnished a great deal of entertainment and fun to its members, but also produced a readable novel or novelette. The club should consist of ten or twelve members, and there may be as many officers as are desired, though only one, the Trustee of the Novel, is necessary. One of the clubs of which I spoke had a constitution drawn up, on the principle that there is many a serious word spoken in jest. The person who started the club named eighteen officers, from the president down through the porter to the "Lord Pooh-Bah;" but in the article on elections he provided that there should be no election, because he had unanimously elected himself to fill all the offices! The necessary provisions of a Novel Club constitution, however, are only two: first, that every one shall pledge himself, as a condition precedent to becoming a member, that he will write, when requested by the Trustee, a chapter of a given number (at least ten) of pages of letter-paper within the time fixed, say two weeks, after he receives the copy of the previous chapters. He must also endeavor to keep the continuity of the story, though he may introduce new characters and places. The second requirement is that every member shall promise not to reveal or hint to any one (whether a member or not) that he has written, expects to write, or has been asked to write any chapter of the novel. In order to enable every one to keep his promise, the constitution referred to above provided that: "No member shall believe anything that any other member, or any

one else, may say or write in regard to the authorship of any chapter, until the truth shall be revealed at the final meeting of the club." In other words, it was mutually agreed and understood that no member was expected to tell the truth in regard to his connection with the novel. Of course the Trustee, who always has charge of the manuscript of the novel and selects the authors in turn, knows as to each; but he is under the same pledge, and nothing that he says is believed. It is quite important that each chapter should be typewritten, or copied in uniform hand, in order to prevent any author from recognizing other chapters by the handwriting.

The object of this close secrecy is twofold: to leave each author entirely free, in writing his chapter, from any delicacy in running counter to what may have been written by his particular friend; but chiefly to allow perfect freedom of criticism when the chapters are read at the meetings.

When the Trustee has three chapters finished and typewritten, he calls a meeting of the club, or asks the secretary, if there is one, to do this. So also when each succeeding three chapters are ready to be read. If each author takes the two weeks to which he is entitled in writing his chapter, the meetings will occur about once in six weeks. At the meeting the chapters are read aloud by one or more members. It is very interesting to each author to note how his chapter is received, and to all the other members to speculate who the writer of each chapter is. It is curious to notice, too, the varying style of the different chapters, or sometimes the similar style of two which one knows to have been written by different persons. A great deal of amusement can be obtained if every one is determined not only not to be sensitive as to any criticisms which may be made on his chapter, but is free to make comments, serious or laughable, on his own and other chapters. It is curious to hear several persons each claiming as his own any bright remark or interesting incident which is read. Of course there can be no personal feeling in any of the comments, since no one knows (except the Trustee) whose composition he is criticising. The Trustee, to be sure, has to be rather guarded in his remarks, and make them mostly in a complimentary strain. I was amused, I remember, to be told in confidence that my chapter in one of our novels was evidently written by two persons, its style varied so greatly; and also, by another member, that it was not nearly as well written as the preceding chapters. If the three chapters read at any meeting are of reasonable length—the only limit set being that no chapter must contain less than the minimum number of pages—the reading of them, with frequent comments and interruptions, will pretty well fill an evening, especially if light refreshments are served.

At the last meeting, when the final chapter has been read, a vote should be taken as to which is the best chapter. Probably every one will follow the example of the Athenians when every man voted first for himself and second for Themistocles for a certain office. Then every member should be asked to write whom he thinks the author of each chapter to be. The person who names the most authors correctly receives the novel as his reward. If two or more have the same number of correct guesses, each votes again on the chapters which he has missed.

It adds considerably to the interest of the novel if one or more members can furnish original illustrations for it. Three or four drawings may be accepted as a substitute for writing a chapter. In counting up the members, it is usually best to reckon husband and wife as one, not only because even the small amount of talent needed for writing a chapter is not always found in both of a married couple, but also because it is almost impossible for each to conceal from the other the fact that he, or she, is writing a chapter. When necessary, this provision of counting two persons as one member may be extended to two sisters living in the same house. There are often persons who think that they cannot write chapters, and who could not, perhaps, write a complete story, who find, on trying, that they surprise both themselves and their friends by the excellence of their compositions. It is not difficult to continue a novel for

twelve or fifteen pages, if, when one gets his characters in a tight place, he can adopt Mark Twain's plan and let some one else get them out! It is rather trying, however, when one has formed a certain estimate of a character, or has expected a certain outcome of his plot, to have the subsequent authors change these expectations entirely—prove his good characters to be worthless and give his plot a turn which he never dreamt of! In conducting a Novel Club successfully a great deal of work falls on the Trustee, and he (or she) must be a person of good judgment in selecting the succession of authors, so as to have a dull chapter followed by a brilliant one, if possible. Of course each writer should endeavor to end his chapter in as exciting or interesting a place as possible, like the stories "to be continued in our next." As the Trustee is not allowed, of course, to vote as to authorship, though he is expected to write a chapter, it may be thought his position is a thankless one; but he is more than repaid by the secret laughs he has and by the continued private fun he obtains in hearing, during the writing of the novel, the wild guesses and curious comments which are made as to the authorship.



From the Day's Mail

We have received very frequently at this office applications from our readers living out of town asking us to put them in communication with some organization or society that would secure for them servants. That we have been unable to put these inquirers in communication with the right parties has been to us a source of regret; knowing well, on the one hand, the very great need in hundreds of homes in the country for just the help that the overcrowded cities could give, and, on the other hand, the great need of the homes offered, has only increased the regret at failure on our part. The State Charities Aid Association has now established an agency for placing destitute mothers with babies or very young children in country homes.

Every student of sociology knows that it is almost fatal to separate a mother and child; it deprives the one of the love and protection and care that it ought to have, and it deprives the other of the incentive of self-sacrifice, of the discipline and joy that come from caring for one's own child, of the development that comes from meeting life and bearing all one's own personal responsibilities. The persons for whom the State Charities Aid Association wish to secure homes are mothers and children so situated that, if they cannot be placed in the same home, then the child must be placed in an institution, and the mother, who is homeless, must find a place. This new enterprise of the State Charities Aid Association is six months old. Fifty-seven women have been provided with situations in the country. That there must be a degree of satisfaction with the women so placed is proved by the fact that every week more applicants come eagerly seeking situations through this new department.

People living in the country districts know that the greatest enemy they have to deal with in the kitchen is the loneliness of its occupant. Certainly those who work among the poor in the city know that the excuse given for not being willing to leave the city is always: "I know I shall be so lonely." But a mother with a little child takes her company with her. Often letters come to this office saying: "We should be so glad to help you in bearing the burden of the misery that comes from poverty in the city. We haven't money, but we could give homes if only the people would come to us." Here is the opportunity, not only to give a home, but to give training, to a mother and child. Full information can be had by applying to the Agent of the State Charities Aid Association. The following advertisement may meet some need of our readers at the present time:

Wanted, by fairly competent women (each with infant or young child), situations to do general housework in the country for small wages. Those wishing such service please apply to

Agent, State Charities Aid Association, Room 503, United Charities Building, New York.

There have recently come to this department several inquiries for a list of books for reading circles. It is almost impossible to prepare a list of books that will suit every circle of readers. Certainly people of education would require an entirely different list of books from working girls and boys, whose educational opportunities are naturally limited. Workingmen would certainly want an entirely different line of reading from clerks and business men. The Round Robin Reading Club, No. 4213 Chestnut Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., has prepared courses of reading adapted to all classes of readers. The special aim of the reading club is to arrange courses of reading for literary clubs; and for those who wish it there is an opportunity of corresponding with the Director, Miss Louise Stockton.

If "M. C. L.," of Englewood, N. J., will send her address to this department, the addresses of organizations that furnish work to the deserving poor will be sent to her. The list is too long to be published in these columns.

I have had several discussions with a very intelligent and original Quakeress, a great reader of radical literature, and a person of the highest independence and rectitude, regarding the characters in George Eliot's masterpiece, "Middlemarch." I have always regarded Dorothea as the noblest and most living, flesh-and-blood creation of modern fiction. But my Philadelphia friend thinks she was too much of an idealist, and decidedly prefers Mary Garth as a "simple creature not too good for human nature's daily food." I inclose her summary of some parts of our discussions, and, if you think it worth the space, would ask the verdict of your readers on the points at issue. Here is the extract from my Quaker correspondent.

C. F. W.

"I do not run down Dorothea. To me she is the most natural, the most understandable of George Eliot's women. I was only trying to make you see that in real life she would not be appreciated. It took an artist, not of her locality, to discover her beauty; even Lydgate passed her by almost unnoticed until they were brought together under peculiar circumstances. If she had lived unmarried, she would have been to those around her one of the disagreeable women with quixotic notions. I think neither she nor others would like her if thrown with her in daily contact. She was critical, and her mental criticisms were felt when not expressed. Farebrother is undoubtedly the strong man of the book—the man who conquered self for the sake of others, and went on uncomplainingly, unflinchingly; but he had blessedness, if not happiness, for his compensation; while Lydgate's lifelong struggle to make the best of life as he found it, to go on trying to love more and more what was admirable in Rosamond, without expecting love in return, required the hardest kind of heroism—that of endurance. But what I cannot understand is why Lydgate should have fallen in love with the type of woman he did; and it always seemed to me a pity that, as they both saw their mistake so soon, they could not have separated without scandal or fuss of any kind. That is a totally different thing from separating because either wants to marry some one else."

This gives an opportunity for discussion.

I have a dear little neighbor not yet quite three years old. He is a fortunate little neighbor in many respects, but especially because his mother is helping him to learn the important lesson that the attitude of the world toward him is much what he himself makes it; that it is dark or bright according as shadow or sunshine reigns in his own little heart. Now, it happened the other day that Little Neighbor was angry with Anna, the young nurse. He even stamped his tiny foot to emphasize matters, and altogether made quite a disturbance. When his mother reached the scene, Little Neighbor had persuaded himself that Anna was in every way to blame, and that he was a much-abused little boy. "Naughty Anna!" he said; "I don't love Anna." When his mother tried to show him that Anna was kind and patient, he only repeated, "I don't love Anna," and for the time the heart of Little Neighbor was filled with bitterness. "Very well," said his mother, and sat down before the fireplace, leaving him to think over the condition of things. There he was, all by himself. His mother was in her favorite chair, but her face was sad. Anna was dusting, and she, too, looked sad, and the child began to feel forlorn. Presently he said, in a tearful voice, "I want to wock." His mother took him up, and he cuddled down,

trying to resign himself to forgetfulness. But the little heart, which has always been helped to keep itself sensitive, and also to think out things for itself, felt the difference. So, as he lay and thought, he presently realized that the trouble was in himself. Then he looked up and softly said, "Too bad I aren't a pleasant boy." "Yes," said his mother; "we are none of us as happy when you are not pleasant." But the heart of Little Neighbor will not readily give up; so the minutes passed, and still they rocked. By and by he said, "I are *most* pleasant now," to which mother responded that she was glad, and the rocking went on. And when he said, "I love Anna, but I aren't *kite* pleasant," it was plainly to be seen that the clouds were breaking. At last he sat up, and, clapping his hands, exclaimed: "Now I are kite pleasant!" Then mother smiled. Anna ran for the cap and cloak, that they might go out. Do you not think that the next struggle Little Neighbor's heart has with the naughty spirit will be shorter, and may he not even now be earning the rewards which are promised to him that overcometh?

S. S. M.

Picked Up

A Japanese gentleman has succeeded in making a thread from a nettle that grows abundantly in Japan. It is said that this thread rivals silk in its fineness and strength. This result is obtained after years of experimenting.

According to newspaper reports, five hundred of the students at Wellesley are in favor of woman's suffrage. One of the professors is quoted as saying: "If Massachusetts wishes her women to cease to want what belongs to them as intelligent citizens, she should legislate that college girls shall not study past politics or present history."

A prominent physician of New York argues earnestly against the visiting of the monkey-houses in the parks in winter. He says that consumption is a prevalent disease in the monkey species, and the degree of temperature and the poor ventilation make the houses places of danger. The fact that consumption is contagious is now accepted, and intelligent people protect themselves and others against the possibility of breathing a contaminated atmosphere.

The "Louisiana Rice Exhibit" gives the following recipe for boiling rice: "Pick your rice clean and wash it in two cold waters, not draining off the last water until you are ready to put the rice on the fire. Prepare a saucepan with water and a little salt. When it boils, sprinkle in the rice gradually, so as not to stop the boiling. Boil hard for twenty minutes, keeping the pot covered. Then take it from the back of the fire and pour off the water, after which set the pot on the back of the stove to allow the rice to dry and the grains to separate. Remember to boil rapidly from the time you cover the pot until you take it off; this allows each grain to swell to three times its normal size, and the motion prevents the grains from sticking together. Don't stir it, as this will cause it to fall to the bottom and burn. When properly boiled, rice should be snowy-white, perfectly dry, soft, and every grain separate."

The Pirates of Barnegat

By Gustav Kobbé

They were pirates. Yet they were not very ferocious-looking. But, then, they had been pirates for only a very short time. In fact, but a few minutes had passed since Georgie, twelve years old, with a stocky figure and a fair round face, had exclaimed: "I know what! We'll turn pirates!" Upon which Sam, a year younger but a little taller, had made the comment: "That's something new and something bully!"

Tommy, the youngest of the trio, whose face was tattooed with freckles, had at once begun fumbling in his breast-pocket, and now drew forth, in the order named, the following articles: A handkerchief of uncertain color that had been rolled into a tight ball to economize pocket

space, a knife, sundry buttons, a paper of "traders" from his stamp collection, a peach-pit, some twine, half a fig incrusting with crumbs and lint, and, finally, a leaden toy pistol which he brandished with an air of great importance. He appeared to be the most dangerous of the pirates.

"I'll ask Beatrice," continued Georgie, "to sew a white skull and crossbones on to mamma's old black silk kerchief for an ensign for the Red Ripper. We must hoist the black flag—that means no quarter, and pirates give no quarter."

"Lucky that's the case," remarked Sam, "for I've no quarter to give—not even a dime."

They had hauled the Red Ripper up on a little beach which had formed at a break in the bulkhead along the bay side of one of the summer settlements near the head of Barnegat Bay.

Georgie had sailed the Red Ripper for three years, and he knew every nook and corner of the upper bay—Beaver Dam, Metedeconk, Kettle Creek, Goose Creek, and Mosquito Cove being as familiar to him as his own little bedroom. The Red Ripper was a twelve-foot "sneak-box," an odd kind of shark-shaped little craft, with a round bottom and a very sheer bow, that could be easily run up on the salt meadows or beaches. Small as the Red Ripper was, she was very stiff and safe, being nearly all decked over. She carried, besides a spritsail, a jib, which enabled her to sail "closer" than any other sneak on the upper bay. By lowering the jib and unstepping the mast the little craft was converted into a rowboat. For further protection in rough weather, an "apron"—a piece of canvas that could be raised on a stick—ran from the rowlocks forward to the mast-step just in front of the centerboard. The cockpit had a cover that could be locked, the sneak-box being then all decked over like a whaleback.

The trio laid its course for Georgie's house, Beatrice being his younger sister. When they reached the house they found her in the breeziest corner of the piazza sewing away energetically at a doll's dress. The doll itself, minus an eye and arm, lay upon the piazza floor. Beatrice's hair was fluttering in the wind, so was the doll's dress, and so was the thread; yet somehow she managed to make her needle fairly fly. She looked up sharply at the three boys, as much as to say: "What are you coming to me for now?"

"Beatrice," said Georgie, "we're going to be pirates, and we want you to be the Pirate Queen."

"Why don't you tell me right out what you want me to do for you?" she asked.

"We haven't an ensign," said Tommy, "and we want you to sew a white skull and crossbones on to your mamma's black silk kerchief."

Beatrice's eyes snapped with joy at the idea of making the ensign for a real piratical craft. She jumped from her chair right on to the doll's head, which was crushed beyond recognition, darted upstairs, and came out again upon the piazza waving the black silk. They made short work cutting several pieces that resembled the desired piratical device out of a handkerchief which Sam contributed; and it was not long before Beatrice had them sewed on to the black silk.

"Now," she said, "I'm going over to the store to buy a new head for sister's doll, and I'll stop on the way and sew the flag to the Red Ripper's sail."

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Georgie ordered the Red Ripper cast off. The little sneak-box, flying the black flag, her miniature jib and mainsail swelling in the northwesterly breeze, and the water gurgling down from under the sheer of her bow, and streaking her quarters with foam, heeled over just enough to oblige the three pirates, who were seated to windward, to brace their feet against the lee side of the cockpit. Georgie laid her course for Seaweed Point, at the mouth of Kettle Creek, sailing her close-hauled, and making every inch he could to windward. He kept his eyes steadily on the course, while Tommy and Sam were looking back at Beatrice, who was waving her handkerchief after them from the little beach. With the breeze steadily freshening, and Georgie's

skill in creeping up on the wind, the Red Ripper was not more than three-quarters of an hour in making the run off Chadwick's; and by close sailing the little skipper had been able to get so far over toward the west shore of the Bay that, when he passed Seaweed Point, he was heading well in toward the south shore of the creek, and on his next tack weathered the little island, between which and the inside shore of the Point there is a shoal passage.

The south shore of the creek is a sandy beach sloping away from pines and cedars. About a mile from the mouth, in a little bight, lies a clearing where the waves, as they purl over the beach, almost lave the soft green sward of an orchard. Well in toward shore a 14-foot catboat rode saucily at anchor as the Red Ripper approached. When they heard the sneak's bottom crunching over the sand, Georgie let go the helm and the boys scrambled ashore over the bow.

They had brought a small basket of apples with them, and, seating themselves on the sward, they began eating them. The orchard at which they had landed belonged to Squire Clayton, a well-to-do but testy country magistrate, who looked upon summer visitors as interlopers, and who, although his fine orchard bore him a great many more apples than he needed for his own use, would neither give away nor sell any, but just allowed them to fall off and decay—"out o' pure contrariness," one of his neighbors said. Picnic parties of summer visitors from the beach he never allowed to land under any circumstances.

"If the Squire sees us, and takes it into his head to chase us in his catboat," said Sam, "I guess we're goners."

"Not if we get a good start," replied Georgie. "Before he could catch us he'd have to lay to and let that squall blow over him." He pointed to black, threatening clouds in the northwest.

"Well, I wish something would happen!" exclaimed Tommy. "This is mighty tame pirating."

He had hardly spoken these words when they were startled by savage barking, and a voice shouting: "I've caught you this time, you young rascals!"

A moment later a large, nondescript black dog rushed out of the woods, followed by the Squire. Had it been the latter alone Georgie would have stood his ground, for he was not conscious of any wrong-doing. But he knew they could not defend themselves against the dog, who would be upon them before the Squire could call him off, even if he wished to.

At a word from Georgie, Sam and Tommy were in the Red Ripper. Then Georgie, gathering all his strength, gave the little craft a shove that sent her well out from the bight, while Tommy, as Georgie scrambled in, let her fall off so that her sails filled and she stood out into the creek.

"Well done, Tom!" cried Georgie, as he took the helm himself. "Now, if we can only weather the island, we can make the inside passage to the Bay. It's too shoal for him. We can gain half a mile on him. Drop down into the bottom of the boat, boys, so as to keep her as low in the water as we can. That will help her point. While I lay her course, Tom, you look out over the stern and tell me what he's doing."

With both hands on the helm, his feet well braced, his eyes on the sail-leach, and a do-or-die look in his face, Georgie now sailed the Red Ripper for all there was in her.

"He's hoisted sail!" cried Tommy. "Now he's got her anchor up! He's off! The wind's blown him on to the lee shore! There he goes over her starboard side! He's wading out and shoving her ahead of him! Now he's scrambling in! He's after us in dead earnest!"

"And I've got the island well to leeward, and am going to make the inside passage!" shouted Georgie.

His lips were tightly set, his cheeks glowed with excitement, his eyes gleamed, and he raised his face toward the wind and let it blow on him as hard as it had a mind to. They were now under the lee of the north shore of the creek and making the passage, and they fairly glided through the smooth water out into the Bay. The catboat was also by this time out in the Bay, but was half a mile astern, as Georgie had said she would be. In the open

Bay, however, she had a great advantage over the sneak. For the precursor of the squall was whipping the seas into whitecaps that caught the sneak under her sheer and checked her progress, at the same time drenching the boys with spray; while the sharp prow of the catboat plowed through the waves. She was gaining, gaining all the time on the Red Ripper.

"If the squall would only break!" exclaimed Georgie, as he gave an anxious glance over the stern. The catboat was only a short distance behind them.

"What's he going to do with his anchor?" asked Tommy, noticing that Squire Clayton held the small anchor of the catboat in his right hand.

"I believe he's going to throw it into our boat and hook her with it when he gets within his painter's length of us!" exclaimed Georgie. "Here, Tom, take the helm." As Tommy obeyed, Georgie whipped a penknife out of his pocket and opened one of the blades. The catboat was not more than fifteen feet astern.

"Lay to, you young rascals!" shouted the Squire.

Georgie gave a quick glance to the westward. A heavy black cloud was rolling over the Bay, preceded by a ragged fringe of gray. The whole atmosphere seemed a threatening blue-black, and the waters, as they seethed around the little craft, wore a livid hue.

"Stand by the jib halliard, Sam!" shouted Georgie. "Tom, be ready to unstep the mast!"

Just then he saw the anchor fly through the air. It fell on the stern deck, and as one of its flukes caught in the rail, the Squire, who had run up on the bow of the catboat, drew the painter taut and began hauling the sneak towards him. An instant later Georgie had bent over the stern, and with a stroke of his knife had severed the painter from the anchor. The strain being suddenly relieved, the Squire lost his balance, and, stumbling on the narrow bow of his catboat, slipped and fell into the water.

At that moment there was a rushing sound Georgie had heard too often to mistake. Glancing toward the northwest, he saw what seemed a wall of water sweeping toward them.

"Let go the halliard, Sam! Ship the mast, Tom!"

Just as the sprit rattled down on the deck the squall was upon them. It seemed as if the clouds were emptying buckets of water over them. The wind was tearing up the water in all directions and dashing the waves against the Red Ripper from all points of the compass. The rush and roar were almost deafening, but the stanch little craft rose on the crested seas, and the boys tried through it all to make out what had become of their pursuer. But the rain was too dense for them to see far enough about them. Once Georgie took the oars and made an effort to row in the direction in which he thought the Squire must be, but he might as well have endeavored to stem Niagara as to make headway in such a gale.

It was a characteristic Barnegat squall, savage while it lasted, but of short duration. As the rain let up, the boys saw the catboat drifting bottom up; and, half-way between her and the sneak, the Squire, struggling, apparently almost exhausted, in the water. George pulled toward him with his strongest strokes, and as the Red Ripper came up alongside him the boys leaned over and helped him to clamber into their boat. He was too exhausted to speak at first. Georgie rolled up his own coat, and, placing it in the bottom of the boat, made a pillow for the Squire's head; and he lay in the cockpit, his legs stretched under the stern deck. The boys watched him anxiously.

"Don't you think an apple would do him good?" asked Tommy, drawing one out of his pocket.

The Squire raised himself a little and said testily: "So you're offering to give me back one of my own apples, are you?"

"No," said Georgie, quietly. "It will be *your* apple if you take it. We brought a basket of them from home. You'll find the basket in your orchard when you reach there—that is, if the dog hasn't torn it to pieces."

There was just the least twinkle of fun in Georgie's eyes when he spoke the last words. The Squire looked thoughtful, but remained silent until they had sailed him over to

his boat and helped him right her. Then he said: "Boys, I'm going to send each of you a barrel of the best apples in my orchard. Tell your folks they can come there on as many picnics as they want to—and if there's any man on Barnegat Bay who can handle a sneak-box better than that one o' yours was handled to-day, I haven't seen him!"

When, towards evening, the bottom of the Red Ripper touched the sand of the little beach, Beatrice was there waiting for the pirates. "I've a cup of hot tea and ginger-snaps for each of you at the house," she said. And she led the way.

My Little Neighbors

By Grace Thompson

I've grown to love my neighbors, though I have never spoken to them; in fact, I do not believe they have ever looked at me. I think you will agree that it is very mortifying to live so near attractive people and never receive one glance from them that would show they knew you were interested in them. This has been my sad fate.

There are three of these little neighbors of mine, all girls. Their father is a tailor. The family live on the top floor of a three-story house. The basement is a restaurant; the next floor is a manufactory where baskets and willow furniture are made; and the top floor, directly under the roof, is where my little neighbors live. The hall bedroom is the father's workshop, and I notice they never go in that room when he is working. He makes ladies' dresses, and I have noticed how careful he is about his work; he never seems to have one minute free; all day long he sews and presses. I have wondered whether this was not the secret of many things I've discovered about my little neighbors. They are as happy as though they lived in a palace, and their mother, who works just as hard as their father, is as rosy and young as any happy mother in the country could be. The object of greatest attention at my neighbor's is the dog. He is not a beauty, and has no point that would admit him to the dog show, unless a very loving heart would. That he has. His long white hair hangs down over his eyes, until you wonder how he can see at all.

He is playfellow, pillow, child, and guardian of my little neighbors. Their playhouse is the broad window-sills of the front-room windows. Here is the doll's cradle, made of a box; some pretty cretonne fastened on a stick falls as curtains, covering the sides of the cradle. A doll house made of two boxes has pretty furniture—some of it wood, some of it paper, and some of it metal; but it gives as much happiness as if the furnishings matched. There is a tin kitchen, a clothes-frame, and an iron. Of course there are dolls, but none have hair; all are cheap dolls, and their dresses, I am sorry to say, are just pieces of cloth wrapped round the dolls, or pinned fancifully. I would think my little neighbors were trying to drape their dolls' dresses as the Grecian ladies wore theirs years ago, if there were the slightest possibility of their ever having heard of the artistic Greeks. But what makes me love my little neighbors best is their love for each other. If one washes, the other seems quite contented to iron. If one tends a doll, the other two seem quite willing to do housework. Sometimes the furniture is moved, part of it, to the other window; some of the family of dolls go with it, and then there is an afternoon of visiting, and the rocking-chair is either a train of cars or a boat. But just at Christmas-time, when I expected to see my little neighbors with more toys, perhaps a doll with a dress, or the table and set of dishes I have wanted them to have so long, I looked up to see a long shoe-box into which were being placed all the dolls, the house, the furniture, and the kitchen—everything. My little neighbors were moving away!

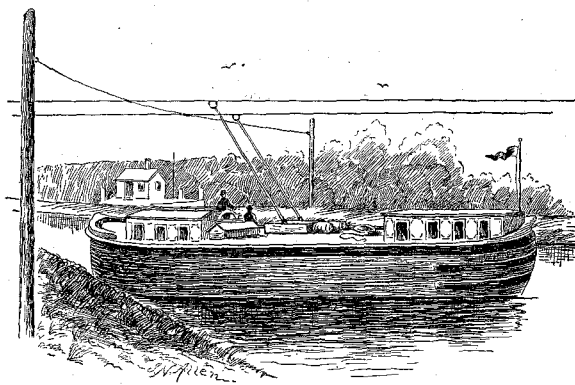
They will never think of the old lady who through her glasses watched them longingly and wished that she knew them. But how often, during the dark, dreary winter afternoons, I shall look over the way and long for

the group of happy children and the dog. And to think I never knew their names!

Electricity on the Canal

By Mary Allaire

There has always been a romantic attraction about riding on a canal. Doubtless every boy or girl who has watched a canal-boat from the windows of a train tearing along so that the telegraph-poles seemed to run races with trees has wished that he or she was lying under the awning on the deck of the lazily moving canal-boat, or had the privilege of sitting on the back of the meditative horse who followed the tow-path, needing rarely either rein or whip. There is something queer about canal horses. Their legs, which seem always to be done up in bits of red flannel, argue that following the canal has a tendency toward producing rheumatics; another strange thing is the expression of their eyes. They always look as one expects the eyes of a philosopher to look—as though all trivial things were forgotten, and a reconciliation must be effected between fact and theory, the known and the unknown. You really would not expect to see excitement, even over a pan of oats, in a canal-horse, any more than you would expect a philosopher to grow excited over a box of bonbons. Next to the boat and the horse is the tow-boy in interest. You always know where the clothes on the scarecrows come from. They are the clothes thrown off by the tow-boys, but where the tow-boys get their clothes no man knows. No one ever saw a tow-boy whose shoes, if he had any, were not falling to pieces, whose trousers



The Trolley Canal-Boat

were not torn at the knee and frayed at the bottom, whose jacket was not a size or two too large or too small, whose shirt did not lack a sleeve or a collar, and whose hat was not always an experiment in securing perfect ventilation.

Then the people on the boat. They are always interesting; fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, the dog, and frequently the chickens, not to mention the family garden—usually in tin cans, soap or starch boxes, but often putting to shame many gardens permitted the dignity of stability, by the number and richness of its flowers. All these things help to make a canal-boat a most desirable place of residence, at least for a little time; it offers such a variety of occupations—cooking in the tiny cabin, driving the horse, gathering wild flowers while waiting at the locks, making new acquaintances on boat or shore, constantly changing scenery, loading and unloading, finally coming out on the broad river, and traveling in companies, platoons, of boats to the city. Surely life on the canal has much that is attractive. But, alas! that enemy of leisure, electricity, is taking possession of the canal. Horses with red-banded legs and philosopher's eyes, tow-boys with their mysteriously acquired clothes, are doomed. The tow-path will no longer be a brown ribbon running beside the blue ribbon of the canal, for over it will stretch a trolley wire. At regular intervals the trolley-pole, with its ugly line, will mark the path; it will not be the humming of the birds, but the buzzing of the trolley, that will be heard in the valleys; and doubtless at bends in the canal, and at

the locks, the helmsman will have to ring a bell instead of calling out distracting commands to the boy and the horse on the tow-path.

The canal men may, and doubtless will, make more money, and we may be able to buy coal, grain, lumber, and such commodities as are transferred inland by water cheaper; but as a picture in the landscape, suggestive of leisure and delightful summer employment, the canal is doomed. The first trip on the canal by the use of electricity was made in November of this year on the Erie Canal, not far from Buffalo. Several hundred people watched the boat from the banks, and the experiment was voted a great success. The Erie Canal was opened in 1821, and its completion was the occasion for ceremony and feasting. So great a triumph is the application of electricity to the canal considered that a large company of guests were invited to make the trip on the boat testing its application, and a dinner was given. I wonder if the horses or the tow-boys realize that they must find new employment?



Sunday Afternoon

In His Image¹

By Lyman Abbott

Whenever the Book of Genesis was written, we have no doubt that the first chapter of that book stands in its rightful place in the Bible. The moral order is more important than the chronological order, and the first chapter of Genesis belongs, in the moral order, at the beginning of the revelation of God to man. The first doctrine of this book of prophecy is that God is in nature; the second doctrine is that God is in man. Thus the first chapter in Genesis lays the foundation for that doctrine of the twofold immanence of God on which the whole superstructure of both the Hebrew and the Christian religion is built.

That God in the beginning made man in his own image is the first note in that theme which grows richer and fuller in the progress of the ages, until it swells into the Gospel of the incarnation—God manifesting his glory in a single man that he may at last fill all humanity with himself and be the All in all. For, throughout the Old Testament, God is represented in types and figures drawn from human experience. He even appears at times embodied in human form. His relationships to man are illustrated by human relationships—he is a King, a Man of War, a Shepherd, a Father. Through the long centuries the Jews are taught by their prophets to look within themselves if they would learn the truth concerning their God. The human heart is a glass in which God is seen; always but dimly reflected, often distorted by the imperfection in the mirror; still reflected there. When the prophet in the wilderness stands awestruck before the fire, the tempest, and the earthquake, perceives God in neither one of them, but, after they have all passed, perceives him in the still, small voice, his experience epitomizes the whole history of revelation. The difference between Jehovah and Baal is not, as I have before said in these papers, a difference of spelling; it is not a difference of names or imagined personalities. The pagan nations about Palestine looked into nature for their divinities; the Hebrew was taught to look into his own soul. The one, therefore, worshiped force; the other, righteousness. What Christ told the woman of Samaria is embodied in this first chapter of Genesis: God is spirit.

Thus was laid the foundation for the Christian doctrine of incarnation. For that foundation is a philosophy that man and God are kin, and that, therefore, a perfect man would be the perfect revelation of God, and, conversely, the perfect revelation of God in human form would be neither more nor less than a perfect man. It is sometimes said, as though there were remarkable novelty in the declaration, that the divinity of Jesus Christ differs from that of man in degree, not in kind; and, on the other

hand, this declaration is criticised as a heresy. But it is neither heresy nor novel. The anonymous prophet who wrote this first chapter of Genesis perceived that the divinity of man differs from the divinity of God only in degree, not in kind. This is the burden of Paul's message: men can have no other acceptable righteousness but the righteousness of God; he must be just as God is just, merciful as God is merciful, forgiving as God is forgiving, holy as God is holy; and he can attain this divine character only as God dwells in him and imparts it to him. Thus is Jesus Christ the first-born among many brethren. Thus is it the will of God, and it was his will from the day of man's creation, that man should be conformed to the image of that Son. Thus are the two titles of the Messiah, Son of Man and Son of God, not antagonistic nor even diverse, but only different expressions of the same truth.

There is no space here to unfold all the doctrinal and spiritual deductions from this fundamental truth that man is made in God's image. I must content myself with suggesting two of them.

First. We are to interpret God by man. It is true that the interpretation will be always fragmentary, and often false; nevertheless human experience is the only interpreter we have. The religion of the Bible is a subjective rather than an objective religion; for while it recognizes a God who transcends all humanity as he transcends all nature, yet it teaches that it is only in human experience that we can come to any knowledge of him. We are not to ascend to the heavens nor to descend into the deep for God: the Word—that is, the manifestation or revelation of God—is nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart.¹ It is in this faith that we are to approach the enigma of life. Our own moral ideas are to be our starting-point; we are to believe in the eternal and infinite goodness because we perceive in ourselves the reality and the victory and the strength of goodness. That there is a Spirit in the universe, and that this Spirit is righteous and holy, and that the righteousness and holiness in ourselves dimly suggest his character—this is to be our axiom, not our conclusion. We are to reach this faith, not by logical deductions from examinations of the outer world, but by inquiry into the testimony of our own consciousness. What is best in us images God to us, while beyond that best in us we always dimly see a still better hinted at by our dissatisfaction with all that we are, and our aspiration for something higher.

Second. And as we are to interpret God by ourselves, so, conversely, we are to interpret ourselves by God. Man is the child of God; he was made so in the creation. It is the sonship of God which differentiates him from the brute. Religion is, in the last analysis, the recognition of this sonship. It is equally faith in man and faith in God, because faith in man as of kin to God. A religion is not something external to man to be imposed on him as by priests, or conferred on him as by the sacraments, or supernaturally wrought in him by a new creation. It is simply recognition on his part of the eternal reality of his kinship with God, and acting according to this reality. God is his ideal; to become like God is the end of his being. All the aspirations and ambitions which stir him sometimes to a higher life, and which, misinterpreted, sometimes drive him in evil directions, are, if they are rightly understood, hunger of the soul that cannot be satisfied until it awakes in God's likeness, until the divine implanted in it at creation, and brooded in it by divine grace, asserts itself, and becomes victorious over the earthly and the sensual.

Thus in this first chapter of Genesis are revealed by the unknown prophet the foundation of all religious truth, and the secret and significance of all religious life.

Christian Endeavor Topics, Daily Readings: January 1.—Christ the beginning (Rev. i., 1-8); January 2.—A cautious beginning (Luke xiv., 25-33); January 3.—How not to begin (Matt. vi., 25-34); January 4.—Small beginnings (Mark iv., 26-32); January 5.—Stick to it (Rev. ii., 1-5); January 6.—A royal beginning (2 Chron. xxxiv., 3-7, 29-33); January 7.—Topic: Beginnings (John i., 1-17). (A special prayer service.)

¹ International Sunday-School Lesson for January 7, 1893.—Gen. i., 26-31; ii., 1, 2.

¹ Rom. x., 6-8.

The Religious World

The Pope on Bible Study The Pope's latest encyclical, dated Rome, November 18, 1893, is largely devoted to the importance of a thorough training in the Bible for priests and teachers. Not only does he urge systematic study, but also that it should be in the original languages. Two principal reasons are alleged to have caused the Pope to write this document. The one is his desire to see "this glorious source of revelation more safely and more abundantly opened for the use of the Lord's flock;" the other is his unwillingness to "tolerate that the same should in any way be violated by those who either by impious daring openly attack the Sacred Writings, or imprudently are scheming new and fallacious doctrine." The Pope supports his statements by references to the Fathers, and takes very strong ground in favor of earnest and constant study of the Scriptures, quoting the words of Hieronymus, who declares that "to ignore the Scriptures is ignoring Christ." He warns the preachers of the Catholic Church against preferring to use their own rather than God's Word and wisdom, and severely inveighs against the abuse and lack of Biblical study and research. "The Catholic Church," he contends, "at all times, and by the best laws and institutions, has taken care never to leave the heavenly treasures, which the Holy Ghost has given so liberally to man, neglected or concealed. In the long succession of Popes and Ecumenical Councils, priests and teachers of the Church, Leo XIII. discovers only one long series of enunciations of the fundamental doctrine of the Church, that the study of the Sacred Scriptures must form the foundation of all preaching and teaching, faith and dogma." The Pope advises great prudence in the choice and selection of teachers and professors for this important discipline. He adopts the Vulgate, or recognized Latin version of the Bible, as the true and generally accepted text-book. One of the most noticeable passages in the encyclical is the admission that the only way to meet the advances made by critical science is by bringing to the defense of religion a finer and truer scholarship than that which opposes it. This is an unusual doctrine, some may imagine, for the Roman Catholic Church, but it is advocated with great clearness, as is also the statement that there can be no conflict between religion and science, since God's revelation in his word can never contradict that in his works. We comment on this encyclical elsewhere.

Mr. W. T. Stead in Chicago There are many different opinions concerning Mr. W. T. Stead, of London, and his methods of work, but there can be no doubt whatever that he has a way that few other men possess of stimulating people in lines of social reform. Mr. Stead is often misunderstood. In his religious affiliation he is a member and regular attendant of the Congregational church in Wimbledon, a near suburb of London. He seems to be sensational; in reality he is a man of intense moral earnestness, whose methods are sometimes wise and sometimes unwise. He is not a constructive thinker, and much less a constructive worker; on the other hand, he is never destructive of anything but evil. His mission seems to be to stir up those who need a clearer appreciation of the work which they are called to do and fitted to do. He is an intense believer in the necessity of organic Christian unity, or perhaps, rather, in the federation of the Churches in order that they may do their work in the present time. He thinks very little and cares very little about the future life, his one inquiry being, How may the life of to-day be made better? In a private letter, which we are sure he will pardon us for quoting, he says: "I think the question of the responsibility of the Church of God as a unit for the salvation of the city as a whole is a conception which has taken hold of Chicago as it never did before." We presume he would also say that it has taken hold of the Christian world as it never did before. His aim in Chicago now is to have the "Church of Chicago organized as a unit." He has hold of a great truth. Our work cannot be done in any other way. We are wasting men and money. The Church is stronger than the saloons and all the political tyrannies; it could

sweep them away if it would move unitedly. The circular which Mr. Stead has sent out to ministers of religion in Chicago contains a suggestion concerning scientific study of the communities in which the work is to be done, which is one of the wisest that we have ever seen, and only confirms a conviction which we have had for a long time, that there is much waste as well as much positive evil done because ministers and churches do not know the field which they are trying to cultivate. The suggestions for information touch the whole life of the community so far as it relates to influences of improvement or of moral injury. We commend this thought to the pastors of all churches. Why should not individual churches combine and recognize not only that they are called upon to preach for the salvation of individual souls, but also that they have an obligation to the community which can be discharged only by a thorough and wise inductive study of the field in which the work is to be done?

The Rev. Dr. H. A. Schauffler and the Bohemian Work in Cleveland Blood will tell. It would hardly be expected that a Schauffler would be other than a missionary. The name is a synonym for missionary service in Turkey, where the venerable Dr. W. G. Schauffler labored so long and so well; in New York, where City Missions are under the direction of his son, the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D.; and in Cleveland and throughout the interior, where the Rev. Henry A. Schauffler is so efficiently and energetically conducting Christian work among the Bohemians, Poles, and kindred nationalities. This is a part of the City Mission work of the Congregational churches of Cleveland, but it has many branches in various parts of the country, where the people among whom he labors most congregate. In Cleveland the special workers consist of four men and four women, and they work in four or five different fields. Among these people the men are very generally Socialists and Anarchists, or, if they attend church, they are Romanists; while the women are generally Romanists. Many of them have left the Old World with a settled hatred of all government, and they are the enemies of all authority. It is easy to see that such people are hard to influence. They have prejudices which are ancient and deep-seated. To them Dr. Schauffler and his associates carry a reasonable and attractive Gospel. They minister both to physical and spiritual needs, and by schools, guilds, clubs of various kinds, instruction in sewing and other useful lines of work, and by many other attractions, as well as by preaching and singing, seek to lead the people to a better life. Many figures concerning the various forms of activity under the direction of Dr. Schauffler are before us, but figures can never tell much about such ministries. The attendance at the schools and places of worship is large, and the number of conversions encouraging, but they are little when compared with the simple fact that such a man as Dr. Schauffler is coming into actual personal contact with people who have so much reason to distrust the Church and hate the governments under which they have lived.

Cleveland Churches Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most beautiful cities in the Union, and a city which takes a leading part in the consideration of all questions pertaining to religion and morals. We have been much interested in some facts recently learned concerning churches in that city. Numerically, the Presbyterian denomination is the largest, the Methodist second, and the Congregational third. The Presbyterians, on the whole, are of a liberal type, and "the Conference of Liberal Presbyterians" was recently held in Calvary Presbyterian Church in that city. Cleveland has its own special heretic in the person of the Rev. S. P. Sprecher, of the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church. Of all the denominations the Congregational seems to be leading in city missions, and in all aggressive work. They have many strong churches: the First, the Rev. J. W. Malcolm, pastor; Plymouth, the Rev. G. R. Leavitt, D.D., pastor; the Euclid Avenue, the Rev. H. M. Ladd, D.D., pastor; and the Pilgrim, the Rev. C. S. Mills, pastor, are among the strongest in the city. The last named is just erecting what, when completed, will be the finest church edifice in the city, and it is somewhat remarkable

as being an "institutional church" in the midst of well-to-do people. The mission work carried on by the Congregationalists under the direction of the Rev. Henry A. Schaffler, D.D., especially among the Bohemians and kindred people, is unsurpassed in the whole country. The leading Methodist Episcopal church in the city is the one in which the Epworth League was organized, and its new church edifice, while architecturally not beautiful, is one of the most complete in its appointments that we have ever seen. In the vitality and power of its Christian life Cleveland seems much like a New England city. Among its most distinguished pastors may be mentioned, in addition to those already named: the Rev. H. C. Haydn, D.D., of the First Presbyterian Church; the Rev. D. O. Mears, D.D., long a Congregationalist, but now pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church; the Rev. C. S. Pomeroy, D.D., and the Rev. Dr. Applegarth. Western Reserve University is located at Cleveland, and is already taking on new life and vigor under the able management of the Rev. C. F. Thwing, D.D.; while Oberlin, only an hour distant and in constant association with Cleveland, must always be included in any list of the Christian and educational work of that city. By the way, Oberlin is one of the most remarkable places in our country, and ought to be visited by all who are interested in the New Education and in Christian ideals in education. It never did better work than it is doing now under the able leadership of Dr. W. G. Ballentine.

Growth of the Episcopal Church in New York

We have heard much in recent years about the growth of the Episcopal Church in New York, but confess we were hardly prepared for such an array of facts as meets us in an article in "The Churchman" for December 16, by the Rev. Thomas R. Harris, D.D. We present to our readers the following statistics:

The clergy increased from 305 in 1873, to 318 in 1883, and to 366 in 1893; while the number of churches and chapels in which services were maintained rose from 170 in 1873, to 183 in 1883, and to 224 in 1893. Yet these last figures tell only half the story. Look at the list of New York churches. Zion and St. Timothy's, St. Agnes's, All Angels', Christ Church, St. Matthew's, St. Michael's, St. Luke's, St. James's, Redeemer, Archangel, Holy Nativity, St. Andrew's, and Holy Trinity, Harlem, remind us how the needs of the growing portion of the city have been met the last ten years, either by planting new centers of work or by the erection of large and commodious buildings in the place of the smaller ones which had been outgrown. Nor has this gain been purchased at the expense of the older part of the city. From the region below Fourteenth Street but one center of church work has been removed, and in that case the new and better-equipped mission Church of the Holy Cross had been erected only a stone's throw from the old Church of the Nativity. During these twenty years the number of Sunday-school scholars has doubled, that of communicants has more than doubled, while the apparent amount of contributions is three times as much as it was in 1873. The exact figures are as follows: Sunday-school scholars, 1873, 22,473; 1883, 37,032; 1893, 44,465. Communicants, 1873, 26,282; 1883, 38,734; 1893, 57,639. Contributions, 1873, \$949,061; 1883, \$1,135,906; 1893, \$2,868,480. As the population of the diocese has increased only about forty per cent. during this period, these figures are extremely satisfactory.

Causes of this Growth

The above figures are so striking that we are compelled to ask somewhat earnestly for the causes of this most remarkable growth in the metropolis—growth, if we are not mistaken, far exceeding that of any other body of Christians. It cannot be accounted for by any antecedent preferences of the people, for they would clearly be in other directions. We will give what, in our opinion, is to be regarded as the explanation. First and foremost, the vast wealth of Trinity and some other parishes, which makes the work of church extension in New York in a measure independent of individual contributions. Trinity alone is said to administer inherited wealth to the amount of \$150,000,000. That makes it possible for it to secure sites for churches, which would otherwise always be very difficult. The cost of building-sites is a great barrier to church extension in New York. This the Episcopal Church, because of its inherited wealth, feels less than any other denomination. In the next place, the Episcopal Church, more than any other, has given up the one-man ministry, and now all its prominent churches have numerous trained workers. To this fact Dr. Schaffler attributes, more to than any other, the growth of the Episcopal Church. Where, for instance, the Broadway Tabernacle or Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church has but one pastor, an Episcopal church will have four. In the nature of the case, more and better work is done. In the next place, the system of free pews has been largely adopted; and, theorize about it as we may, the pew-rent system, except in occa-

sional instances, keeps large numbers from attendance upon religious services. Of course more than free pews is needed to induce people to attend church, but given able and spiritual preaching and an inspiring service in two churches, the one with free pews will attract, hold, make generous and liberal more people than the other. Without doubt many go to the Episcopal Church for its service, for the social prestige it is supposed to confer, and for similar reasons, but we believe that the growth of the Church in the metropolitan district is chiefly to be accounted for by the causes we have enumerated.

Mr. Moody and the Anniversary of the Chicago Fire

An account of Mr. Moody's address on the anniversary of the great fire in Chicago has just come to our notice, and is so interesting that we give it a place in these columns. It seems that Mr. Moody was preaching in Farwell Hall in Chicago at the very moment that the fire broke out; that his audience of listeners quickly became a panic-stricken crowd, and in a few hours their homes and the hall in which the service was held were in ruins. In this Columbian year, the year of Chicago's greatest triumph, on the twenty-second anniversary of that terrible day, Mr. Moody announced that he would repeat the sermon which he had delivered twenty-two years before. A great crowd was in attendance, and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The service was continued without interruption for four hours and a half, and Mr. Moody's sermon was the climax, occupying the last half-hour. One who writes like an eye-witness thus speaks of the scene:

The speaker described with deep emotion the scenes of that long-past night, and then, taking up the subject and text of his former sermon, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called the Christ?" he reconstructed before them his former sermon, adding from time to time the inevitable and thrilling thoughts suggested by the occasion. The speaker was unable at times, it is said, to control his voice or restrain his tears; while "sobs and applause and moments of sacred awe and solemn hush attested the interest of the great congregation."



Gleanings

—An international Christian Endeavor Convention, to be held in London in 1900, has been suggested.

—The Rev. Charles Hutchinson, D.D., of New Albany, Ind., has completed his fortieth year as pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of that city.

—We erroneously spoke last week of Dr. R. S. Gregg, lately elected Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, as having been heretofore the Bishop of York; we should have said, Bishop of Cork.

—The Rev. C. Ernest Wagner, junior pastor of St. John's Church (Reformed), Hagerstown, Md., has been elected Professor of English Literature and Belles-Lettres in Franklin and Marshall College, and has entered upon his duties.

—Messrs. Moody and Sankey will commence their next season's campaign by a series of services at Providence, R. I. The report that they are going to Europe is incorrect. They received an urgent invitation from a large number of English ministers, but decided not to accept it for the present. They may, perhaps, go to England in the fall of next year.

—A visitor in Boston is the Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, a native of Tangiers and a Christian minister, who has done missionary work for forty years among the Jews in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Spain, and Palestine. His mission in this country is "to raise an interest in the building of an evangelistic hall in Jerusalem, where all denominations of English-speaking Christians can meet and worship."

—It is announced that the New York City Vigilance League, of which Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst is President, will start a weekly magazine especially devoted to the interests of the society. The magazine will be under the control of an associate board of editors, including Mr. W. H. Tolman, Secretary of the League, Dr. Meyers, and Dr. Parkhurst himself. The name is to be "The Vigilant," and it is to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—The American Missionary Association, through a committee of nine gentlemen chosen by the Annual Meeting at Elgin, has sent us an appeal for help, which we print in another column. For the first time in several years the Society is in embarrassing debt, in spite of severe retrenchment last year. The hard times tell seriously upon our benevolent societies. The committee ask for a special and generous collection on a special day—viz., February 11, significantly chosen, as they say, "as being the Sunday nearest the birthday of the great emancipator of the

slave, and the Mountain White boy whose feet were ever upon the mountain-tops of our National history."

—The Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association of New York now embraces thirty-four hospitals. On the last Sunday of the year a collection for the Association is taken in the churches, and on the preceding Saturday in the synagogues. During the past year the Associated Hospitals took care of over 20,000 bed patients (of whom 15,000 paid nothing) and of more than 200,000 free dispensary patients.

—The late Bishop Brooks, whose "Sermons Preached in English Churches" is one of his best-known volumes, is to have a memorial in St. Margaret's, Westminster, the official church of the House of Commons. This memorial will very likely take the form of a window, worthy to rank beside the Raleigh and Milton windows, both of which have been erected by Americans. Close to the side of the Abbey is St. Margaret's Church, a little Westminster in itself, so illustrious are the dead who lie buried within the church's venerable walls. The rector of St. Margaret's is Archdeacon Farrar, who was one of the lamented Bishop's most intimate friends.

—The other evening, when Editor Stead, of London, was lecturing in Chicago on the desirability of establishing places of popular entertainment in every ward, Bishop Fallows was able to supplement the editor's appeal with a most encouraging announcement. This was that James M. Banks had given \$10,000 toward building the People's Institute—a club for the people—on the West Side, and that no difficulty was anticipated in raising the rest of the \$50,000 needed. The basement will be devoted to a department for instructing girls in domestic science. The first floor will be given up mainly to an auditorium to seat 2,500, and to hold 1,500 more, the auditorium to be used as a popular assembly and convention hall. Fraternity lodges and small societies will be taken care of on the next floor, where will also be placed a big free reading-room. On the third floor commercial branches will be taught. To carry out the club idea, to make the people feel that it is their club, moderate fees will be charged for everything except the reading-room.

—With a view of furthering Mr. Mozoomdar's work in India, in connection with the Brahmo-Somaj, it is proposed to organize a "Mozoomdar Mission Fund," somewhat on the plan of the Ramabai Association. Mr. Mozoomdar himself needs some regular personal support. He has none now. The ministry of the Brahmo-Somaj is not organized on the business plan which exists in this country, and which assures a certain income to a minister or a missionary. The ministry there exists more on the early Apostolic plan, in which men wrought with their own hands or lived on the casual bounty of the disciples. His work could be greatly extended if he had money to pay traveling expenses, and also to print his message in Bengali, Hindustanee, and English, and such translations as may suit his purpose. Further, much good could be done for the cause of education by establishing scholarships in the college for the education of young girls, and giving some adequate support to journals already existing. The Mozoomdar Association, like the Ramabai, is undenominational. It unites the co-operation of all liberal Christians. Contributions of large or small sums, from churches or from individuals, may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. William Howell Reed, 37 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass.



Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—Henry J. Richardson, pastor for many years of the Lincoln Center Church, Lincoln, Mass., died on December 19.

—F. J. Fairbanks was installed as pastor of the First Church of South Royals, Vt., on December 20.

—E. E. Preston, of Hamilton, Mo., has resigned.

—T. R. Reid has become the assistant pastor of the Tompkins Avenue Church in Brooklyn, N. Y.

—W. S. Woolworth, of Belchertown, Mass., accepts a call to Morrisania, N. Y.

—Stephen Livingston accepts a call to Derby, Conn.

—J. S. Gove was ordained and installed as pastor of the church in Salem, N. H., on December 13.

—Frederick Hassold has become pastor of the church in Winthrop, N. Y.

PRESBYTERIAN

—D. S. Mackay declines his call to the First Church of Albany, N. Y.

—W. E. Donaldson accepts a call to Toledo, O.

—J. J. Crane, of Pleasant Plains, N. Y., has resigned.

—H. H. Stiles, of Pittsburg, Pa., has declined a call from Crafton.

—A. M. Mann has become pastor of the church at Osawatimie, Kan.

OTHER CHURCHES

—J. D. Easter accepts the rectorship of Trinity Church (P. E.), Redlands, Cal.

—J. R. Verbrycke accepts a call from the Gurley Memorial Church (Reformed), Washington, D. C.

—C. S. Witherspoon, rector of St. Paul's Church (P. E.), Patchogue, L. I., died December 24.

Books and Authors

Memoirs of Madame Junot¹

This is an attractive edition of a very entertaining book. As we turn the leaves we renew our interest in the stirring times of the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire; in the actors, both tragic and comic, who trod that brilliant stage; and, especially, in the great Italian, for such he was, whose terrible and fascinating personality dominates every scene. And, among the subordinate figures, none is more pleasing than the light-hearted, clever, and sensible Duchesse d'Abrantès—or let us call her, rather, Madame Junot, for the French heroes seem somehow more real by the names they were born under than by their honorary titles, torn from the battle-fields of all Europe. "Duchesse d'Abrantès" has an exotic sound, and well it may, for it came from a town in Portugal. But the case might have been worse. What if Napoleon had carried out his purpose to make Junot Duke of Nazareth!

The merit of these memoirs is distinctly feminine. No man could have written them. Madame Junot kept no diary, and does not deal much in letters or other documentary proofs. She must have relied on her memory, with some aid from family tradition in the earlier period, for most of the infinite detail contained in these four goodly volumes, which, roundly speaking, tell with the ease and vivacity of polite conversation the story of the twenty-five years prior to the battle of Waterloo. In her own words, "These memoirs are recollections awakened by recollections. Touch one chord and ten others vibrate." That she is sometimes inaccurate in dealing at second hand with public affairs is likely enough, but no one can read the spirited record of her own observation and experience without feeling that it is true to life. If we must draw a line anywhere, let it be at the conversations. A reader with some experience of the fallibility of human testimony may be pardoned for doubting whether even Madame Junot could remember just what everybody said during a quarter of a century.

The maiden name of Madame Junot was Laura Permon, and the personal history of her parents and of herself and her husband crossed and recrossed that of the Bonapartes like the strands in an irregular web. Her mother, Panoria Comnena, was a Corsican of Greek blood, and a friend from girlhood of Lætitia Ramolino, the mother of Napoleon. Charles Bonaparte, the father of the Emperor, died at Madame Permon's house in Montpellier in 1785, recommending to her his son Napoleon, who had just left Brienne, and who was in his early military life a frequent visitor at her home in Paris, where her husband died in 1795, his death-bed shaken by the artillery which quelled the Sections. General Bonaparte, not long before his marriage to Josephine, astonished the Permon family by proposing a match between his beautiful sister Pauline and young Permon, and another between Laura Permon and Louis or Jerome, and in the same breath offered himself to the handsome widow, who laughingly refused him. Junot was Bonaparte's comrade in arms from the siege of Toulon in 1793, and in their junior days shared with him his own slender income, was passionately in love with the beautiful Pauline before his own marriage to Laura Permon, and after that event succumbed for a time to the fascinations of her sister Caroline, then the wife of Murat. Finally, Madame Junot, besides being the wife of a great officer of state in immediate attendance upon the Emperor, was a member of each of the court circles, different in composition and jealous of one another, which gathered about Josephine and Madame Mère. Surely no one had better opportunity than the daughter of Citizen Permon to observe and understand the Bonaparte family. Napoleon liked her lively ways, called her "Madame Loulou," pinched her ear and twitched her hair, after his boyish fashion, and once, at Malmaison, with his usual selfish-

¹ *The Home and Court Life of the Emperor Napoleon and his Family.* By Madame Junot, Duchesse d'Abrantès. 4 Vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ness, indulged in conduct that might have compromised her had he not been out-manuevered by the little woman, who, by a charming stratagem, to which only her own description can do justice, interposed between herself and the First Consul the manly form of her gallant husband, and, under that cover, beat a skillful and immediate retreat. No master of the art of war could help admiring such generalship, and that it was not lost on Napoleon the following quotation will show:

"A year afterwards I dined one day at Malmaison, while residing at Bièvre. I ordered my carriage at ten, but, as I was preparing for departure, a sudden storm came on, of such terrific violence as to injure the trees in the park. Madame Bonaparte protested against allowing me to go in such a tempest, and said that my chamber should be prepared. 'I fear nothing, Madame,' I answered. The First Consul was occupied, meanwhile, in pulling the fire about with the tongs, and apparently paying no attention to the conversation, though I could perceive a smile on his countenance. At last, as Madame Bonaparte insisted still more strongly on my staying, he said from his place, without resigning the tongs or turning his head: 'Torment her no more, Josephine. I know her. She will not stay.'"

Madame Junot's domestic life began early. She was married in 1800, at the age of sixteen, and in 1809 was the mother of five daughters and one son. That she was both a good mother and a good woman it is impossible to doubt. The story of Junot's brief and impetuous courtship is very amusing—a courtship directed not so much to Laura, who, indeed, was near marrying another man, as to her mother and brother. It was necessary, also, to gain the consent of the First Consul, who began by scolding Junot for not choosing a rich wife, and ended by promising him 100,000 francs for his bride's portion, and 40,000 francs for her *trousseau*. "Oh," he added, "you will have a terrible mother-in-law!" This emphatic tribute to the woman who had refused him had this foundation, that Madame Permon was a masterful and vivacious child of the south, who, when excited, dropped her French and spoke Greek or Italian with small reference to the linguistic acquirements of the other party to the conversation; who "found a sovereign panacea for all her sufferings in good Italian music;" and who, in 1789, out of gratitude to Salicetti, who had protected the family during the Reign of Terror, harbored that unhappy man, at the imminent risk of death to herself and ruin to her children, and finally carried him in her own coach, disguised as a servant, triumphantly past the barriers, and on to the South of France. Napoleon, who hated Salicetti, penetrated the secret, but had the magnanimity not to tell it. He was not far wrong in saying that Madame Permon had "a devil of a spirit." But this is a digression. So it came about that Laura, four months after the battle of Marengo, at an age when she might have been at school, was launched on the top wave of the most brilliant society in Europe, as the wife of General Junot, an aid-de-camp of the First Consul and Commandant of Paris, with a princely income and an official residence. Here are two pictures of the dinner-parties of a girl of sixteen:

"The first time that I dined at the Tuileries I was placed, as bride, next to the First Consul. He said to me, 'As for you, Madame Junot, now that you make a part of the family of my staff, you must see, hear, and forget [*vous devez tout voir, tout entendre, et tout oublier*]. Have this device engraved on a seal.'"

The other scene is more domestic:

"Frequently during the year of the battle of Marengo, which was also that of my marriage, have I seen a dinner-party prolonged until nine o'clock, because Bessières, Lannes, Eugène, Duroc, or Berthier, or some others of his companions in arms, or all together, explained to Junot, who was greedy of the most trifling details, all those of this memorable affair. The table then became the plain of Marengo; a group of decanters at the head stood for the village, the candelabra at the bottom figured as the towns of Tortona and Alexandria, and the pears, the filberts, and bunches of grapes represented, as well as they

could, the Austrian and Hungarian regiments, and our own brave troops."

During her married life Madame Junot was in almost constant attendance upon the Court, except that she accompanied her husband to Portugal in 1805, when he was sent to Lisbon as Ambassador, and again to Spain in 1810, where her sympathies were deeply moved by the miseries of that afflicted country. A son was born to her at Ciudad-Rodrigo, and Wellington, whose army was almost in contact with the French, courteously sent the news to Junot in a letter written by his own hand. This child of war grew up to enter the army, became Lieutenant-Colonel, and died in 1859 from wounds received at the battle of Solferino. Junot, whose consuming passion was devotion to the Emperor, and who wore himself out in his service, died in 1813 by his own hand while delirious from brain fever, away from his wife. Madame Junot never saw Napoleon after her husband's death. For her "the wine of life was drawn," and she withdrew somewhat from society, but in 1814 had a remarkable interview at her own house with the Emperor Alexander, and in the same year entertained the Duke of Wellington, who felt a chivalrous interest in the widow of his old antagonist. She died in 1838, leaving four children surviving her.

We close this book with increased respect for Napoleon, and firm in the conviction that Napoleonism, as a political idea, was bound to fail. The central defect of the system was that, deriving, on the one hand, no support from tradition, and connected, on the other, by no vital tie with the people as the source of power, it required a Napoleon to keep it in action. Accordingly, when the hand of the originator was withdrawn, the machine fell to pieces, like the empire of Alexander. Moreover, as Napoleon burst sword in hand into a world of shams, so he became too fond of war, and destroyed faster than he could consolidate.

Napoleon was not merely an idolized leader; he was an organizing statesman. We are no longer in danger of admiring Napoleon without discrimination. Such a confusion of ideas would be a crime against the divine order. He was immoral, or rather unmoral, and as for truth-telling, that is not a virtue of the Latin races, as it was not of the ancient Greeks. But, below audible speech, there is a veracity of character, a correspondence with reality, which to those who possess it is a stronghold of power. This was the secret of Napoleon, and so far his work and his influence will endure, though the gilded bubble of the Empire has passed away.



The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funeral Customs. By E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., F.S.A., etc. (Macmillan & Co., New York.) The focal point of ancient Egyptian thought and religious ceremonial was the destiny of the future life. The Hindu beheld immortality through the medium of rebirth and transmigration; the Egyptian hoped that his spirit would, after a cycle of three thousand years, return from the land of Amenti, and reanimate his body, or, in default of that, an image made sufficiently like his body to deceive the spirit. For this reason the Egyptian, from early times, embalmed the corpses, in order that they might be preserved against the return of the spirit. It happens that, as the art of embalming was perfected, the portrait images were more carelessly wrought, and so art, especially the art of sculpture, in Egypt, passed from a lifelike realism to a rigid formalism. The word "mummy" means, literally, a bitumenized thing. Let us glance for a moment at the graphic account of the funeral ceremonies as it is given by Mr. Budge. As soon as an Egyptian died, a notice was sent to the undertaker, who was a priest, with the title Cher-Heb, and he immediately took charge of the body. With the recitation of many religious prayers and charms, the internal organs were first of all removed and embalmed by themselves, and then placed in four several jars, dedicate to the four children of Horus. These jars are now known as "canopic jars." The body was then placed in a tank of natron, where it lay for seventy days, and allusion to this period occurs in Genesis 1, 3. The body thus became shrunken, but in other respects was unchanged in appearance. Next it was carefully filled with spices, gums, natron, and bitumen. If the provision for funeral expenses was large, the amount of bitumen was small and that of spices and gums large; if small, then the reverse was the case. The nails were stained;

the ring, with the indispensable scarab, or sacred beetle, carved thereon, was then placed on the finger. Wealthy people provided many scarabs of the finest manufacture for their dead. The corpse was next wound about with endless bandages of linen, while appropriate prayers were being read from the ritual of the dead. After the winding was done, and two or three cloths were wrapped about the whole and sewed together, the mummy was complete and ready for the coffin, which was often very splendid, if money enough was provided; for it was adorned with paintings of the gods, and a carved mask of wood was affixed above the face. This mask was often furnished with beautifully lifelike eyes of obsidian, glass, or faience; moreover, carved hands might be fastened to the coffin. After the coffin, or mummy-case, had been made as splendid as could be afforded, it was inclosed in an outer case, and on a set day borne to the tomb with all the pomp and circumstance that could be attained. In the grave were deposited furniture, food, and many articles which it was thought the *ka* or genius might need while waiting in the tomb the return of the *ba*—soul or spirit—and the *chu*—intelligence—from the ghost-world of Amenti. Of all the contents of the grave of an Egyptian, nothing is one-half so interesting to us as the Book of the Dead, the "Bible of the ancient Egyptians." For an account of that strange piece of world-theology we refer the reader to Mr. Budge's interesting pages. This book is much more than its title states—an account of the funeral ceremonies of the ancient Egyptians. It gives a brief history of Egypt, a list of the nomes, an account of the Rosetta stone, with the story of the beginning of the decipherment of hieroglyphic writing. Other matters pertaining to Egyptology, too many to catalogue here, find satisfactory treatment in this handsome volume. The student of the Bible, of history, and of comparative religion will find this volume rich with material, put in a concise and comprehensive shape. The mechanical excellence of the book, shown in its fair page, its carefully engraved pictures, and the accurate printing of the hieroglyphic texts, is such as the syndics of the University Press may be counted upon to give us. We are glad to see that Mr. Budge appreciates the value of his work sufficiently to give it the advantage of an excellent and ample index.

An Examination of Weismannism. By George J. Romanes. (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.) Certainly all who read Part I. of Mr. Romanes's "Darwin and After Darwin" have awaited with interest the continuation of that work. Serious illness has prevented the author from completing Part II. A portion of the volume, that relating to Weismann and his views, was ready, and it has been thought best to issue it at this time, when Weismann's theories are prominently before the public. This was fortunate, for in "An Examination of Weismannism" we have the best criticism of the subject in our language. Weismann's earlier writings upon germ-plasm and its relations to heredity and evolution were essays printed separately and at different times. They usually dealt with some single topic, not with the general subject. All this being true, it has not until recently been easy even for the specialist to gain a clear and connected outline of Weismann's views. The first thing Romanes does, then, is to prepare a fair and simple statement. He first presents Weismannism as it was in 1886, and then traces later additions to it, up to 1892. He shows that Weismann's "germ-plasm" is related both to heredity and evolution—that "Weismannism" comprehends two theories which must be kept distinct, a theory of heredity and a theory of evolution. These he examines in detail. He compares Weismann's theory of heredity with those of Darwin (pangenesis) and Galton (stirp). The three theories have much in common. Weismann's germ-plasm is continuous and stable. Darwin's substance of heredity is formed anew, more or less completely, in each generation, and is only moderately stable. Galton's stirp is more like Weismann's germ-plasm; it is, however, not unbrokenly continuous nor absolutely stable. Romanes claims that these two qualities of germ-plasm are proposed by Weismann simply because his theory of evolution requires them. In his criticism of this he attempts to show that the germ-plasm cannot be absolutely continuous and stable, and hence that the Weismannian theory of evolution cannot be sustained. The Weismann theory of heredity, then, becomes identical with Galton's. This theory Romanes believes to be well founded. After so much of the Examination was prepared, Weismann's later essays and his "Germ-Plasm" appeared. Our author briefly considers their value. He claims that Weismann meets (or at all events considers) some difficulties that have been indicated; that he has modified some of his positions and dropped some of his claims; that he still clings to his theories of heredity and evolution, based on a germ-plasm now become vastly more complex than it was in earlier writings. Romanes believes that his original criticism holds, and that Weismann, by dropping his theory of evolution with the two untenable postulates upon which it is based, would establish his theory of heredity upon a firm founda-

tion. We quote, in closing, the writer that Dr. T. W. Commedia" was the best of was after Mr. Longfellow's at least. We believe that what version is the best—as poetry. lation. As a translation Mr. have produced better metrical ver and Butler give us better prose tra ignores words and phrases, and grotesquerie, the Gothic fire and g strokes of Dante's thought. He does poetry, beyond that of any other English has the studious finish of the singers qualities of spiritual vision have resulted that are exquisite. This translation covers greater part of the "Purgatorio," and some the "Paradiso." The translator's fastidious this in a labor of more than fifty years. Like gerald, he not infrequently spoiled his first wo His literary leisure was too ample. This volume, *Comedy of Dante Alighieri, Translated into English by Thomas William Parsons*, with a preface by Ch Norton and a memorial sketch by Louise Imoge (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), is fortunate in its and sketch. Mr. Norton's introduction of the book is d and Miss Guiney's sketch a piece of beautiful English.

The Misuse of Legal Tender, written by Sidney Webster (D. Appleton & Co., New York), arraigns the greenback and silver legislation of the United States, and suggests that "New York and other self-respecting States in the Union" may be "constrained to consider whether or not a State law can be constitutionally enacted and enforced which will take care that the obligation of every future contract made or implied for the payment of dollars within the State, but not specifying the sort of dollars, shall be discharged only in gold dollars." It would seem to be a matter of greater doubt whether the State could in any way limit the power of the Nation to make the money it issues legal tender for all debts, no matter what kind of dollars are expressly stipulated in the contract. As to the silver, the author admits that an international treaty would probably lift the price of silver or depress the price of gold to the old ratio, but urges that Mr. Gladstone's government holds the key to the situation, and "seems at this moment as likely to overthrow the gold monometallic standard as to stipulate by treaty that Parliament shall enact the McKinley Law."

Mr. Henry Adams's sermons, *The Larger Life*, show him to be gifted with an uncommon mastery of language. He is voluble, but when we scrutinize his sermons we find the thoughts still more impressive than the style. There are the rush and impetuosity of a prophet in his diction, as there were in his delivery. Mr. Adams says that he publishes these sermons in reply to those of his friends who inquired why he abandoned the Church of which he was a minister. There are in the sermons, with evident sincerity and honesty of spirit, a vague restlessness and dissatisfaction with existing social conditions. May we be permitted to quote to him a story out of his own sermons? "A Benedictine missionary once died a martyr. The abbot of his house called for a volunteer among the seventy remaining monks. All of the seventy arose at once, and each said: 'Father, send me.' 'Oh!' cried the abbot, 'I knew that you would all desire to go. I wanted to find out which one of you was great enough to be content to stay and pray.'" (J. Selwin Tait & Sons, New York.)

The student of the classics, and of Greek and Roman history, is having much assistance offered him in these days by the book-makers. One work after another pours forth from the press, most of them good and bright and scholarly, so that it becomes difficult to discriminate. *The Private Life of the Romans*, with numerous illustrations, by Harriet Waters Preston and Louise Dodge (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, New York), is an admirable handbook on the subject the title names, and is intended for schools. Its pictures are well chosen. *Greece in the Age of Pericles*, by Arthur J. Grant, is also a book of English origin, and a sort of counterpart to the other. It is not, however, so elementary or pedagogic in its method of treatment. It is a great pity that Mr. Grant will not take the trouble to write

... good history.

American firm under the name of "Dreams," but is quite another thing from this volume of stories. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Literary Notes

—Georg Ebers has a new story, "Cleopatra," ready for issue at once.

—The manuscript of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" was sold in London recently for £200.

—Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert publish in a very tasteful form in paper "The Sistine Madonna, a Christmas Meditation," by Dr. A. H. Bradford.

—The Rev. Dr. Charles Pelletreau has published an attractive little Christmas sketch called "The Two Christmas Eves," tastefully bound in paper with a quaint stamping in gold and colors.

—Another new edition of the Waverley Novels is announced, an edition of which Mr. J. M. Barrie, the novelist, is to be the editor. He is now writing introductory essays for the volumes.

—The London "Speaker" says that Mr. J. M. Barrie is not hurrying over the completion of his new novel, and that it will probably be near the end of next year before its serial publication begins. The same journal states that Dr. Conan Doyle has another historical novel far advanced.

—Professor Charles Sprague-Smith, of this city, spent last summer in the Forest of Fontainebleau, and, as the result of a very charming visit of three months in that historic and artistic place, has prepared a series of five lectures on Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Barye, and the Forest of Fontainebleau, to be accompanied by a series of lantern pictures of the scenery and the haunts of the Forest, together with the homes and studios of the artists who are associated with it.

—Professor Goldwin Smith, in issuing the fourth edition of his now well-known work on the "Political History of the United States," adds a new preface from which we take the following: "The writer cannot send this fourth edition of his work to press without specially acknowledging the kindness of his American readers and reviewers, whose reception of a book which some things contravenes cherished traditions is a proof of American candor and liberality. Perhaps they have discerned, beneath the British critic of American history, the Anglo-Saxon who, to the Republic which he regards as the grandest achievement of his race, desires to offer no homage less pure or noble than the truth."

—Of the difficulties under which Francis Parkman labored Mr. Julius H. Ward says in the "Forum": "The Oregon Trail" was dictated to his companion among the savages, and all his other volumes were dictated to a member of his family, who prepared them for the press. When I asked to be allowed to see his manuscripts, he replied: 'I have none.' He could not bear the strain of writing, and it was only with the utmost care and seclusion from excitement that he could work at all. For half a century he lived a life of 'repressed activity' (these are his own words), having his mind wholly unimpaired, but unable to use it beyond a certain limit, on the penalty of having it taken away from him."

Books Received

- AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA
Rowland, Rev. A. J., D.D. *The Pentateuch*.
CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL & PUBLISHING SOCIETY BOSTON
Atkinson, John L. *Prince Siddhartha*. \$1.25.
GEO. H. ELLIS, BOSTON
Bradlee, Caleb Davis, D.D. *Sermons for the Church*.
GINN & CO., BOSTON
Ginn, Edwin. *The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus*.
INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., NEW YORK
Bernhard, Marie. *For My Own Sake*. Translated by Mary S. Smith. 50 cts.
M. L. IZOR & SON, FORT SCOTT, KAN.
Paine, Albert Bigelow, and William Allen White. *Rhymes by Two Friends*.
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK
Bent, J. Theodore. *The Sacred City of the Ethiopians*. \$5.
Lang, Andrew. *Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia*. \$1.25.
MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK
Cooper, Edward H. *Richard Escott*. \$1.
Scott, Sir Walter, Bart. *Peveril of the Peak*. \$1.25.
Badenock, L. N. *Romance of the Insect World*. \$1.25.
Greenwood, Frederick. *The Lover's Lexicon*. \$1.50.
Stokes, Professor Sir G. G., Bart. *Natural Theology*. (Gifford Lectures.) (Imported.) \$1.50.
ROBERTS BROS., BOSTON
Hall, Gertrude. *Allegretto*. \$1.50.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
Scribner's Magazine. Vols. XIII. and XIV. January-December.
Holcombe, Rev. J. J. *What Think Ye of the Gospels*. (Imported.) \$1.50.
Phillips, Claude. *Sir Joshua Reynolds*. \$2.50.
Holyoake, George J. *The History of the Rochdale Pioneers*. (Imported.) \$1.
Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz. Done into English by Justin H. McCarthy. (Imported.) \$2.
UNITY PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO
Jones, Jenkin Lloyd. *Religions of the World. The Seven Great Religious Teachers*.
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK
The Protestant Episcopal Almanac and Parochial List, 1894. 25 cts.
JOHN C. WINSTON & CO., PHILADELPHIA
Quaker Poems. Compiled by Charles F. Jenkins.

... an excellent manual of ... is of a somewhat ele ... acceptable to the general ... the reader with archæology ... the concrete example. To ... to have many examples ... book is profusely illustrated, ... in choice of subject and ... pictures are usually reproduc ... that underlies Mr. Good ... of the life of nations, and ... how far that evolution is ... history of art. (Flood & Vin-

Money. By W. Cunningham, D.D., ... and University Lecturer, Cambridge. ... New York.) This volume is one of ... "Revision Manuals," and is in every way an ... for those who have studied political ... who have not. The volume does not ... distinctively the money question, and ought ... as a work on moral economy rather ... economy. Political economy has come to be ... one of the moral sciences, and Dr. Cunningham, ... his unsurpassed knowledge of economic history, has ... treatment of it as scientific as it is moral. It would be ... speak too highly of this manual.

... John Lord's method and style are too well known and ... to need that we should do more than announce the ... of his book, *The Two German Giants, Frederic ... Great and Bismarck; the Founder and the Builder of ... German Empire*. The volume includes a character-sketch ... Bismarck by Bayard Taylor, and Bismarck's great speech ... on the enlargement of the German army in 1888; with two ... portraits. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.) The char- ... acterization of Frederic is to our mind more true than that of ... Bismarck. The perspective of the former is greater, and the ... results have had time to arrive. Bismarck no more than Frederic ... trusted in the righteousness that exalteth a nation.

Dr. William M. Taylor's latest volume, entitled *The Boy Jesus, and Other Sermons* (A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York), contains twenty-three quiet, thoughtful, and carefully written discourses. They are thoroughly evangelical in method and spirit. Sometimes he allows himself a little latitude, as, for instance, when he gives the address of St. Peter: "Simon, whose surname is Peter, care of Simon the Tanner, Seashore Cottage, Joppa." In the main there is, however, an avoidance of the sensational, and an earnest recollection of the serious and solemn nature of the message that the preacher has to deliver. Now and then there are archaic quaintnesses which remind us of the homiletics of past generations.

The Life of Whittier, "Series of Great Writers," by W. J. Linton, is an easily running narrative, lightened with illustrations drawn from Whittier's own poetry. The book is a compilation from Mr. Kennedy's and Mr. Underwood's biographies, with copious extracts from other American writers—in particular, at the end, from Mr. R. H. Stoddard. However, Mr. Linton frankly acknowledges his obligations, yet we hardly think that such an acknowledgment will quite compensate the American authors and publishers from whom such wholesale requisitions have been made. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Temperance in All Nations. Edited by J. N. Stearns. (National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York.) This work is compiled with a view of presenting, through the World's Temperance Congress at Chicago, a view of the temperance situation the world over. The volume before us contains upwards of one hundred papers, giving the history of every branch of temperance work in every country where such work is organized. This historical introduction is to be followed by another volume, or other volumes, containing the addresses delivered at Chicago during the Congress in June.

Dream Life and Real Life is the name of a small book containing three short stories of Olive Schreiner's. The first, she tells us, was written many years ago, but it displays the same fidelity to realism, and almost painful intensity of style, that we found in the "African Farm." Frankly, we say that we do not regard Olive Schreiner's literary work as morally healthful; and intellectually it seems to us what physiologists call neurasthenic. A book by this same author has been published by an

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pression. We chanced
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a step or two, and separat-
space of the cathedral by
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which lay stretched out at full-
the most part fast asleep, a
women, and children, evidently
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it fatigue, and whose miserable
wed them to be in great poverty.
that one of them would occasion-
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sleep again.

ney were we were unable to learn;
ne land was at that time full of politi-
ugees from Venice and the Duchies,
pected this might be their character.
er all, was not this quite in accordance
good old Catholic doctrine? The
ednals were ever the homes of the com-
on people and the refuge of the poor in their
oubles.

have always suspected that the spirit of
ist may have been quite as near to us
that feast-day by the little chapel as to
those who ministered at the high altar. And
I imagine our churches, if given over at such
a time of distress to the use of Christ's little
ones, might be as full of his presence every
night, and all the night, as they ordinarily are
for an hour or two Sunday mornings and
evenings. W. B. C.

Another Suggestion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

By a number of churches in a given locality
entering into a combination, each doing a separ-
ate part of the work, it seems to me more can
be accomplished with the same amount of
energy and money.

For instance: In Brooklyn where I live (Pros-
pect Park division) are two Catholic churches
on Sixth Avenue, two Protestant ones on
Seventh Avenue, and two other Protestant ones
in the vicinity. Now, suppose two of these
unite and take charge of some room where such
persons as are homeless may come and take
a bath (for, in my judgment, that is the first
step we ought to take in rendering Christian
aid to a promiscuous company). Of course, it
would not need to be applied to those belong-
ing to the churches who for the present time
are seeking aid. At this place, for the starting-
point of endeavor, it would be well to have
some physician in attendance, so that no con-
tagious disease might be allowed to go the
rounds of all the churches.

At this place, as at all the others, let the
names of applicants be taken and compared
with those taken at the other places. After
passing this room, the next in order would
be where food is served. By two other churches
a room provided where good, plain, nutritious
food may be served, and then during the meal
some one able to judge of character might pass
from one to another, and with true Christli-
ness advise, sympathize, and cheer as best he
could.

In providing the food, I should think a plan

like this might be practical: canvass the
in the vicinity and find what grocers,
butchers, etc., etc., would supply—for to
this great work it is going to need all to
operate, and by a separate committee for the
work alone enough each day may be ready to
meet the need of the day without waste.

After a bath and a substantial meal, two
other churches come in for their share in this
work for permanent "help." And much divine
patience and wisdom will they need.

A friendly talk and sympathetic manner will
in some cases, no doubt, soon help to a little
work and some knowledge of the capacity for
work in the person, and enable this committee
to judge whether much "help" will prove up-
lifting or not.

Through some such extensive plan of action,
and co-operation with the Bureau of Char-
ities, it seems as though much really good work
might be done, and done with very much less
of waste of energy than by each church going
its own way and allowing those helped for the
moment to practice on all the sources of sup-
ply, with no regard to their merit. Of course
this plan is one thought partially out in my
home, and with your larger outlook may
seem a very useless product. But if there
should be one idea in it, capable of working
up to the solving of the question before us all,
I shall not be sorry I sent it to you, and will
gladly do all I can to help carry it out.

To make it of practical use it would seem
better that it should be a general one, and so
I send it as an annex to Mr. Mills's plan, leav-
ing you its judge.

ONE ANXIOUS TO HELP WHERE HELP IS
NEEDED.

That Dinner-Pail Again

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Some little time since, your Spectator gave
your readers, if I mistake not, "a peep into a
workingman's [or a laborer's] dinner-pail," with
comments. About the same time there came
the story of a visitor who chanced to find a
little girl at home (the mother being out) who
was making ready for her father's coming.
She had a loaf of baker's bread, of the light-
est, a piece of beef, which she put into the fry-
ing-pan with some grease, and a tin teapot,
into which she put some tea and cold water,
setting it on the stove to boil. She remarked,
"I can get his supper for him as well as mother
can," which was no doubt true. Add to this
the palest and lightest loaf of baker's bread,
and you have a recipe for dyspepsia—I mean,
to produce dyspepsia—even in a workingman.
No wonder that he goes out for his dram,
not, as he thinks, so much to help his diges-
tion as to ease his consciousness of indiges-
tion.

One of the mistakes of the time is our refin-
ing upon it. There is a passage in Macau-
lay, which at this moment I fail to find, in
which he says, in substance, speaking of the
earlier and ruder modes of living: "The bread
which was upon the tables of the nobles would
now be rejected by their servants, while that
which was provided for the servants would
raise a riot in a modern workhouse." Now we
have "superfine flour," and the whiter the loaf
the more praiseworthy! We sift out all the
nourishing part, and retain only the starch. A
dog fed on starch only dies of starvation. The
experiment has been tried; it seems cruel, but
it is tried upon human beings, to a greater or
less extent, constantly. When Sarah or her
maidens ground the flour for Abraham's
guests ("two women shall be grinding to-
gether"), they did not stop to sift out all but
the white starch, but gave the whole grain,
minus the "chaff which the wind bloweth
away." And, for some reason, men and women
lived longer in those days. Those of us who
use whole-meal bread think we are stronger,
and mean to live longer.

There is one error in the concoction of some
of this bread: it is so often made of inferior
wheat that it is tasteless, or even bitter. And
then, to overcome this taste, sugar or molasses
is added "to sweeten it." Then those who
eat it complain that it turns acid and troubles
the digestion. But this the pure wheat never
does, in its natural state.

There is another incidental error which has
come in, not with starch bread merely, but with

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To the E

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The following
EDITORS.

I.—H
Thorold Rogers's
and Wages," abridged.
75 cents. Humboldt Lib.
Arnold Toynbee's "Ind
\$.1. Humboldt Library.
John Fiske's "Beginnings
\$2; "Critical Period of Am
\$.2. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Alexander Johnston's "Am
80 cents, net. Henry Holt &
Taussig's "Tariff History
States." \$1.25. G. P. Putna
Ely's "History of the Labo
America." \$1.50. T. Y. Cro

II.—CURRENT PROB

1. Currency: J. S. Nicholson
Monetary Problems," \$2.50, n
"Case Against Bimetallism," \$2. Mac
& Co.
2. Tariff: Henry George's "Free Trade:
Protection," \$1.50, Henry George. S. N. Pa
ten's "Economic Basis of Protection," \$1, J. B.
Lippincott Company.
3. Railroads: Hadley's "Railroad Trans-
portation," \$1.50, G. P. Putnam's Sons. Hud-
son's "Railway and the Republic," \$2, Harper
& Brothers.
4. Socialism: Gronlund's "Co-operative
Commonwealth," \$1, Lee & Shepard. Rae's
"Contemporary Socialism," \$2.50, Charles
Scribner's Sons.

The People's Party in the South

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent copy of The Outlook I noticed a
statement to this effect: "Tom Watson opens
his political meetings with prayer." I have
thought it might interest you, and perhaps
give you a suggestion of an idea at least as
to just how those "third-party folk" down in
those Southern districts feel concerning this
matter, if I sent you an account of a meeting I
attended among them last year. I can only
give you an outline of the scene, the people,
and their reverent devotion to principles which
their consciences approve. The little details
of personnel, manner, environment, and seri-
ousness—yes, and of a poverty that one can-
not conceive of unless he were himself a
sympathetic observer among them—must be
omitted. A Republican press ignores them,
since they can hope for no response from
them; a Democratic press misrepresents them,
because it cannot control them. But, to an
independent observer, they are a people to be
interested in, to study, and to deal justly with.

We drove over miles of "up hill and down
dale" earth-road to find the church. After
toiling up a long hill, we found the building on
its top. This building is worthy a notice. It
was a large one, simply framed in, nothing
more, not plastered, the overhead rafters dec-
orated with a row of wooden "sconces"
whose piles of tallow drops showed where the
candles were put when night meetings were
held there. Window squares had been sawed
out along the sides, and the boards so cut out
made the shutters that closed the building
when not in use. The pulpit was simply a pine
standard, and back of it a window of four
small square panes of glass lighted the desk
and the building in cold weather when the
wooden shutters must needs be closed; the

and they responded in unmistakable issue was clearly presented, the record of dominant parties given, and after that emphatic declaration that "a people's party of some name" must come, and God would surely favor right, and a reverence for himself, just as he did in the old days when "this Republic was a-foundin'."

The general press will not print much from this third party. But it has a very strong following, and it was only this "Force Bill" that at the very last turned the tide into one channel. Had Weaver come forth with some gentleman of high moral standing, and conducted his campaign on a more dignified plane, the votes from this third party would have marked an era in American politics at the late Presidential election. I have heard good men from both parties say they were by "no means sure the third party had not won" all through several of the Southern States.

One incident I must briefly note, then I will weary you no further. A speaker said: "Now, you see, boys, we has been a-cussin' the Yankees and a-doin' nothin' else, and now it's time for us to stop this and do somethin'." After the meeting I spoke to this man, and said I was a Yankee and I wanted to shake hands with him, for I had only a very kindly feeling for them all, even though they had shot my only brother. His fine face flushed, and he made a manly reply. Then, speaking in a low voice, he said: "I was in the Union Army, but I ain't a-tellin' of it here." I said, "Oh, were you? then you draw a pension? I noticed you were fully posted."

I wish you could have seen his six feet straighten up, and heard the fine scorn in his voice as he said, "I draw a pension, and them a-payin' it!" and his thumb jerked over toward the multitude of his friends and neighbors, who were starting for their poor homes in their poor way. I then said: "I am afraid you will only divide the Democratic party and so throw the Republicans in power." "Oh, no," he replied; "we third party folks must win; they've got the money, but we have the votes: surely God will help us soon."

These people believe this, and no purer patriotism is breathed under America's skies than just among those third party people whom I have met. With them, I cannot believe that God, who so wondrously founded this Nation, will permit "godless politicians and foreigners and saloon men to destroy it."

I find I have spoken only of the men in all this. Let me assure you the women are as much interested and as fully alive to the political situation as the men.

When any specially finepoint was made by the speaker, or any particularly telling fact read by the same, several sunbonnets would turn around to me and the fine strong faces underneath glow with feeling as they nodded their approval or disapproval to me. And, to my surprise, they seemed as well posted and quite as interested as their husbands and fathers were. And, alas every one, men, women, and children, held in the corner of his mouth the inevitable "snuff-stick." It is less harmful than the modern cigarette, but, oh! the pity of it that they—each generation—must foster a habit that mars, in many ways, the face, and the life behind the face.

N. B. E. I.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Dr. James Morison

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In a recent issue of The Outlook you record the death of Dr. James Morison, of Glasgow, Scotland, whom I knew well, and with whom I dined at his own home, Florentine Bank House, Hillhead, Glasgow, during my summer vacation in 1887. I shall never forget the drift of our conversation on that occasion, which was the immanence of Jesus in the affairs of men and nations. I asked him in the course of the conversation what, in his fancy, would be the state of society, if Christ could be to men as if he never had existed, or if the name of Christ could be effectually erased from the lives and memory of men. I shall not attempt to describe his meditative appearance as he stopped eating, dropped his

A round spoonful

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knife and fork upon ments, and then sa accents, "Such a cata disappearance of the heavens." He took selected and topically ten thousand volumes Biblical study was repre the library reaching from ing. Each book of the treated, together with philosophy and science. It is library, and one showing the branches of learning, that I ha Europe or America. He show library, a small box about twelve, containing two or thr little volumes. That box conta book he wrote, and he wrote it wh a manuscript history of Rome, ne with his own hands. It is accurate elegantly written for one so young.

The Humming of Telegraph W

Every one has heard the humming singing of telegraph and telephone w. Most people think that it is caused by the tion of the wind on the wires, and give it further thought. But it is not true that the singing is caused by the wind, and, if you at all observing, you will notice that often humming sound is to be heard on cold win mornings when the smoke from chimneys goes straight up until it is lost in the clouds, and when the frost on the wires is as fuzzy and thick as a roll of chenille fringe.

The wind has nothing to do with the sound, and, according to an Austrian scientist, the vibrations are due to the changes of atmospheric temperature, and especially through the action of cold, as a lowering of temperature induces a shortening of the wires extending over the whole of the conductor. A considerable amount of friction is produced on the supporting bells, thus inducing sounds both on the wires and the poles.

When this humming has been going on, birds have mistaken the sound for insects inside the poles, and have been seen to peck with their bills on the outside, as they do upon the apple and other trees. The story is told of a bear that mistook the humming noise as coming from a nest of bees, and clawed at the pole and tore away the stones at its base in the hope of finding the much-coveted honey.

Hood's Permanently Cures

Because it reaches the seat of disease in the blood. By purifying, vitalizing, and enriching the blood, it expels every taint of Scrofula, Catarrh, Malaria, etc., and so renovates and strengthens the vital fluid, and through it the whole system, as to enable it to throw off future attacks of disease. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

a "hand-shake"—other. About this a simplicity, an utter dignity, that impressed among them and watched in manner as distinct from as I noted their fine faces ring, their self-respect amid foundings, I did not wonder with found them a valiant foe years of our Civil War. gest and finest faces I ever those elderly men and under ham sunbonnets of those ere some sad ones, too: the sadness that one sees so them face was not absent. was troubled at the knowl- in the younger faces of these that the expression had fallen. Later could understand more reasonably its e. They were native Americans, who felt themselves legislated against in favor of a foreign element. They were wounded by their own—saw no bright future, felt no hope as coming to them from the Government to whom they had a right to look for aid. At the close of the meeting the minister announced the political meeting to be held in the afternoon—"after the piece." Well, "the piece" (lunch) was spread under the fine old trees; every one was made welcome. We were compelled to join them or be voted "an unfriendly Yankee." And that lunch!—contrasted with such an occasion in the North it was direst poverty. But it was their best, and given royally out of most friendly hearts. It seems almost treason to those kindly Christian people to speak of it, so nearly it comes to exposing the poverty of one's host. My part was a saleratus biscuit made into a sandwich with cold boiled cabbage. I ate it, but it nearly choked me, not because of what it was, for I did not taste it at all, but the dire need, the lack of everything that made life attractive, was overcoming when one remembered these were American farmers. So sacred did they regard their church that had been dedicated to the service of the God they all revered that they would not hold their political meeting in it; "it was God's house," they said. But the men carried the heavy, cumbrous benches out under the trees, and there the meeting convened, and was opened by one of the most earnest and patriotic and Christlike prayers I ever listened to.

More and more I thought of the conventicles of old, and was glad there was no Claverhouse, in the guise of Quay or Tammany, to disperse the people or do them harm. Those people are not ignorant along all lines. They had facts, figures, records there at their tongues' ends and within reach of their finger-tips. First came a statement of what the Republican party had done or not done with the power and opportunity vested in them. Then, next, the same review, weighing, and "found wanting" of the Democratic party. Had the leaders of both parties been present, they could not have taunted each other; both had ignored fine opportunities; both had deliberately ignored country for gain, the rights of the people, the good of the same, or personal or party advancement. The records of the votes in Congress for the ten years were made very plain to those